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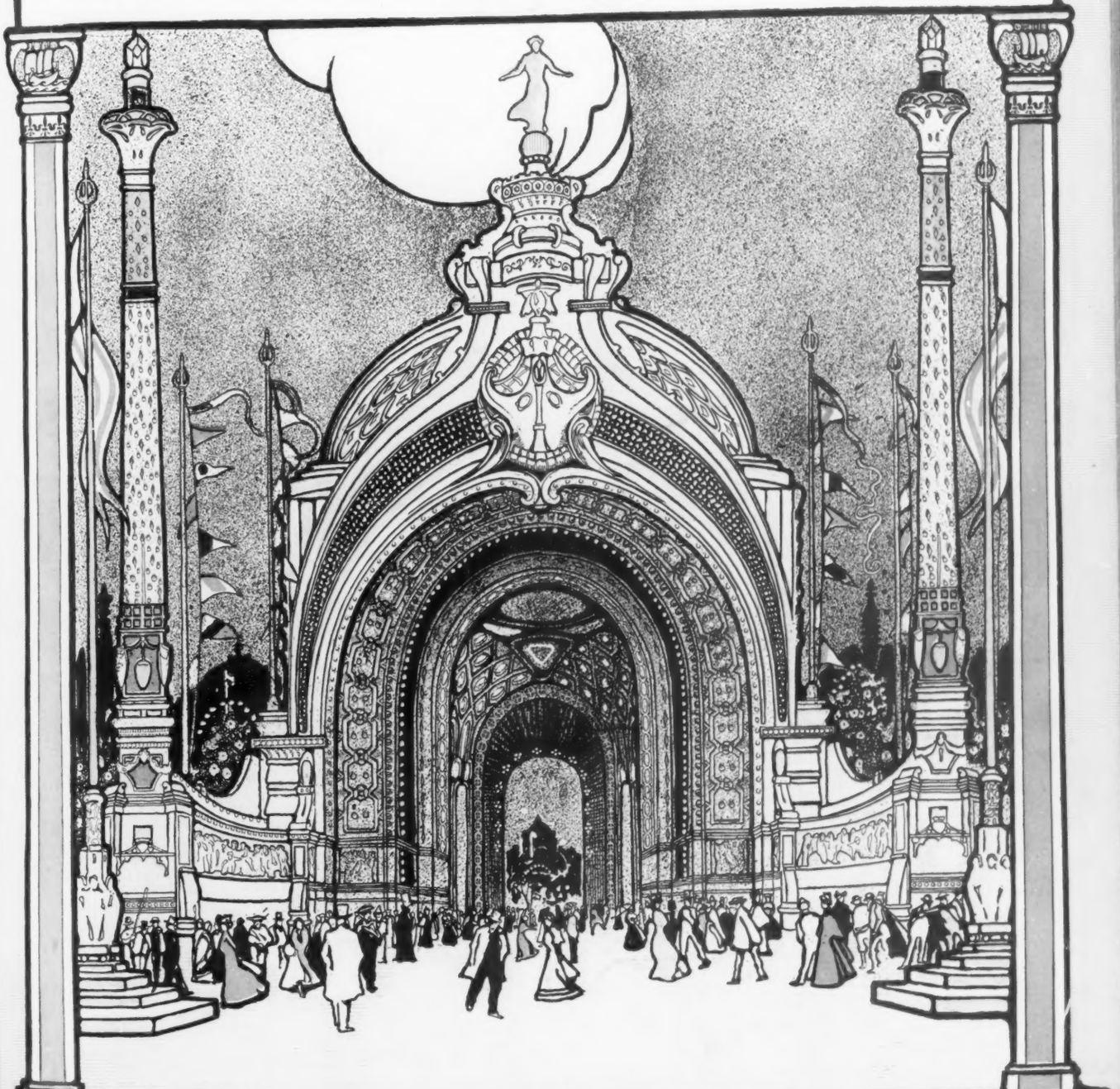

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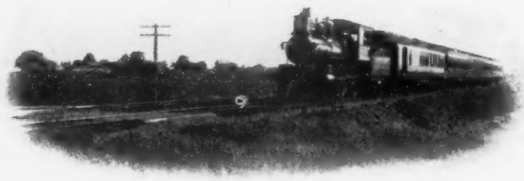

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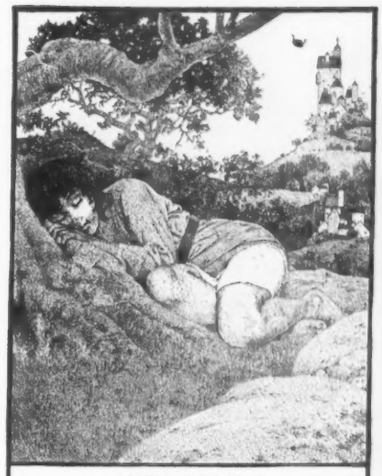

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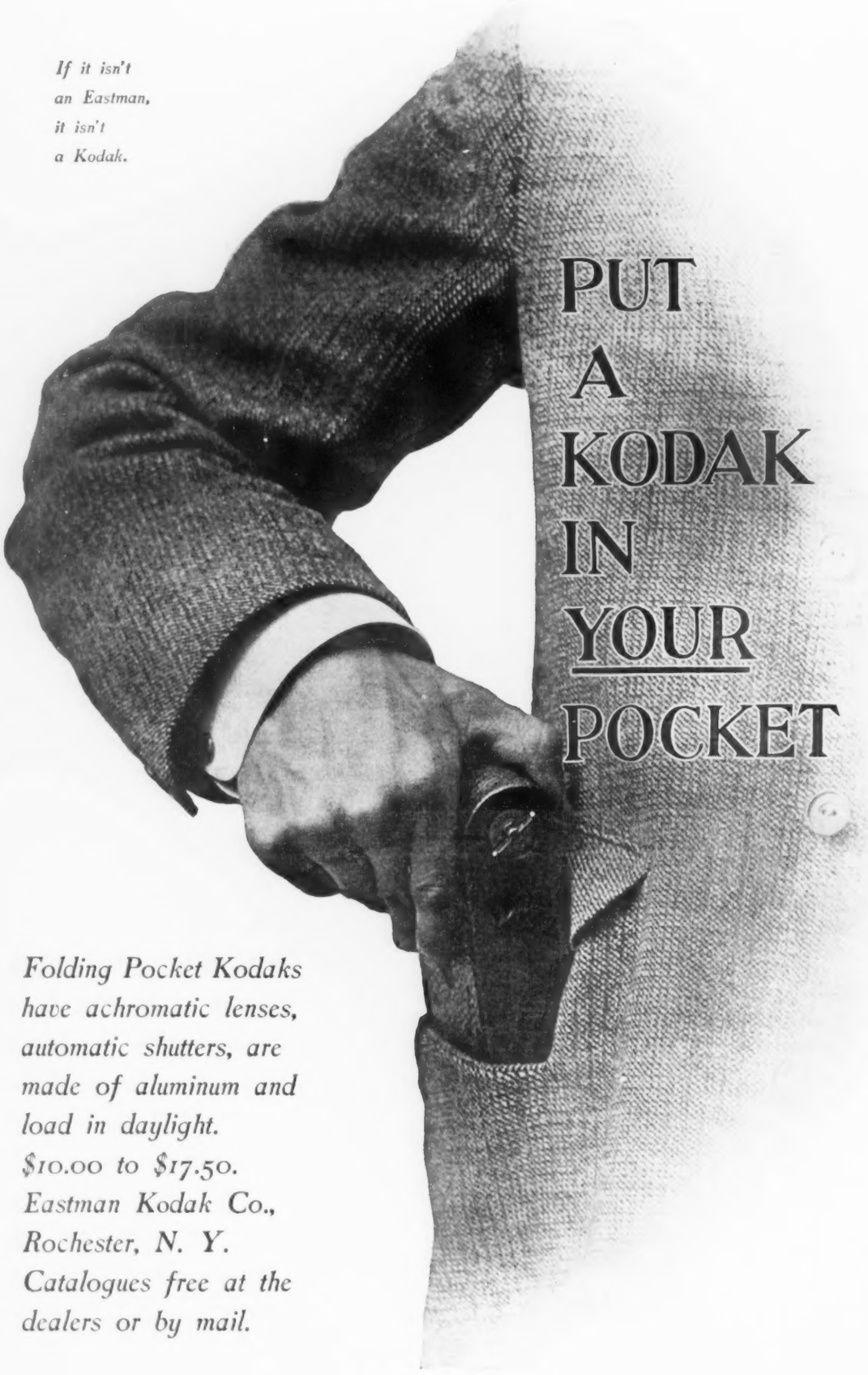

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

PARIS·EXPOSITION·NUMBER

Table of Contents

Pictures

Cover in Colors—Grand Entrance to the Exposition, . . . By J. Alden Pierson

Front Page—President Loubet Inaugurating the Alexander III. Bridge.

Double Page—"In the Café des Ambassadeurs," . . . . . By A. B. Wenzell

Full-Page Illustrations—

Opening Week at the Exposition
The Exhibits of the Nations, Portraits, etc. } Photographs by V. Gribayedoff

Panorama of the Exposition Grounds, ... By Charles Graham

"For Paris and the Exposition," . . . . . By T. de Thulstrup

Fiction

"The Blind Piano Tuner,"—*a Romance*, ... By Marcel Prevost

"The Adventures of a Modest Man," . . . . . By Robert W. Chambers

Special Articles

The Paris Exposition of 1900, ... By M. Gabriel Hanotaux

The American Exhibit, . . By Thomas W. Cridler, Assistant Secretary of State

Student Life in Paris, ... By Frank Norris

How to get to the Exposition—a Traveller's Guide, . By Walter Littlefield

How to visit the Exposition (with Map) . . . . . By Lionel Strachey

---

The Political Campaign of 1900, ... By Henry Loomis Nelson

Photographs of the Great Fire in Ottawa

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THE BUTCHER of SPOTLESS TOWN

This is the Butcher of Spotless Town,
His tools are bright as his renown.
To leave them stained were indiscreet,
For folks would then abstain from meat,
And so he brightens his trade, you know,
By polishing with SAPOLIO.

THE POLICEMAN of SPOTLESS TOWN

This brilliant man walks up and down
Upon the streets of Spotless Town.
The glitter of his shining star
Arrests attention from afar.
It lights the beat and goes to show
That naught can beat SAPOLIO.

THE COOK of SPOTLESS TOWN

The Cook of Spotless Town you see
Who takes the cake, as you'll agree.
She holds it in her fingers now.
It isn't light – but anyhow
Twill lighten her domestic woe –
A cake of plain SAPOLIO.

THE DOCTOR of SPOTLESS TOWN

This lean M. D. is Doctor Brown,
Who fares but ill in Spotless Town.
The town is so confounded clean
It is no wonder he is lean.
He's lost all patients now, you know,
Because they use SAPOLIO.

THE MAYOR of SPOTLESS TOWN

This is the Mayor of Spotless Town,
The brightest man for miles around.
The shining light of wisdom can
Reflect from such a polished man,
And so he says to high and low:
"The brightest use SAPOLIO."

THE MAID of SPOTLESS TOWN

This is the Maid of fair renown
Who scrubs the floors of Spotless Town
To find a speck when she is through
Would take a pair of specs or two.
And her employment isn't slow,
For she employs SAPOLIO.

SAPOLIO

The Paris Exposition Number of Collier's Weekly

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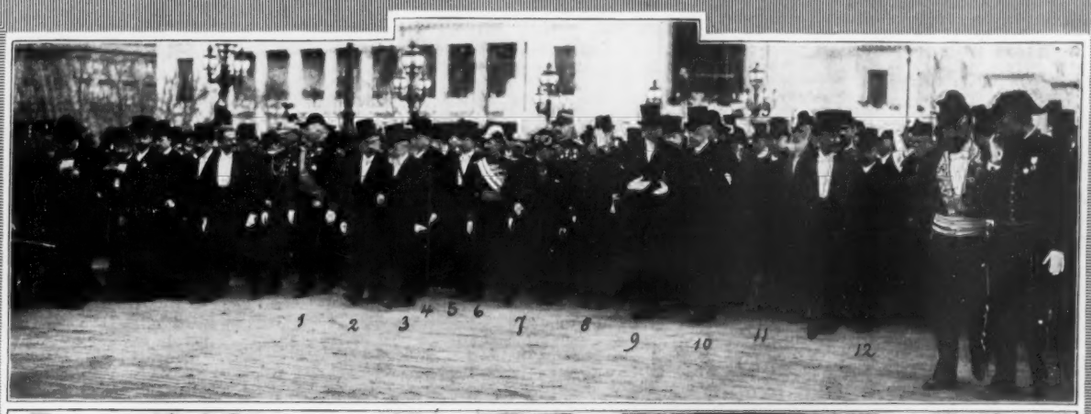

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IN THE LARGE PHOTOGRAPH ARE SHOWN: 1 M. PICARD; 2 PRESIDENT LOUBET; 3 M. MILLERAND; 4 M. DESCHANEL; 5 GENERAL HORACE PORTER, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR

The Opening Ceremonies at the Paris Exposition

The Paris Exposition of 1900

By M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX

A DIRECTOR OF THE EXPOSITION, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND FORMER MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

I

AN EVENT which brings one century to a close and inaugurates a new one, an event which induces numberless hosts to travel countless miles to witness it, an event which for several years has kept breathlessly busy not only the ant-heap that a great city is, but also hundreds and thousands of brains and arms in thousands of other ant-heaps—an event of this kind does not depend solely on the will of one man, of one government, or of a single assembly. It must have its origin deep in the human soul. It is too universal, too easily decided on and too easily experienced—in spite of the many obstacles and difficulties in its way—for us to fail to discern in it one of those traditional and instinctive forces by which humanity is carried away in spite of itself, and in which the ancients, who saw divinity everywhere, would have recognized something divine.

The expediency of expositions has been often discussed. It has been argued that they are dangerous, deceptive and embarrassing both to the exhibitors and to the public; and, above all, it has been said that they occur too frequently. In spite of these complaints, they have increased in number during the latter part of the century, and France, during the past half century, has acquired the habit of holding them at intervals of eleven years—1855, 1867, 1878, 1889, 1900. This rhythmical regularity, much criticised, but always accepted, constitutes in itself an act in which we must recognize another law than that of chance, another will than that of the ephemeral generations that have succeeded one another.

For my own part, I connect the explanation of the theory of expositions with that of pilgrimages and fairs. The ancients put their fairs under the protection of Saturn, the first of the gods and the Father of Time. Indeed, fairs and pilgrimages have been, from the earliest times, the greatest manifestation of the instinct that causes men to seek each other, to know, to help, and to influence each other; to exchange products, manners and sentiments. At all times, fairs and pilgrimages have caused, in the first place, great movements of crowds, and, in the second, great movements of ideas. One might say that man, after being shut up in his dwelling or his workshop, in his daily routine, and isolation, feels the need from time to time to arise, take up his walking-stick, and go out to see what is happening elsewhere.

In ancient times there were places and dates set apart for this object. There are still to be found, sometimes lost in the deserts, and often on the common frontiers of several provinces or kingdoms, immense ruins in places where one knows positively that there has never been any permanent settlement. In France, for instance, some of these majestic ruins are to be found in the fields near Poitiers, at Sanxay. There, spread over a wide territory, are remains of temples, theatres, porticoes and squares, of hostleries and aqueducts—of everything, in short, that was necessary for the accommodation of immense and temporary crowds. Fairs and pilgrimages, which have been discontinued, little by little, attracted the world to that spot from time to time. Besides the ruins of Sanxay in Poitou, others have been discovered at Mont Beuvray, near the Roman capital of Augustodunum (Autun); at the city of Limes, in Normandy, near Dieppe; and in many other places.

One of the most curious examples of these ruins is to be seen at El Djem in Tunisia. In this deserted country is an amphitheatre which in point of grandeur ranks between the Coliseum of Rome and the Arena at Nimes. Before the eyes of the astonished spectator rise its four stories of arcades, and its tiers of benches, which attain forty-six yards in width. It could hold, perhaps, twenty to twenty-five thousand spectators. Near this amphitheatre are still to be seen the ruins of a theatre. It is known that there is a subterranean temple dedicated to Jupiter, which must have been magnificent, since the capital of one of the columns measures several yards in circumference. All this leads one to believe that these edifices, whose great size can hardly be considered as having been necessary to the requirements of a small, almost unknown town, were destined to receive the crowds attending fairs or making pilgrimages. One might call them the ruins of the expositions of former days.

Apropos of the gathering together of vast numbers of human beings at stated periods, it might be interesting to notice several facts which can be traced to the origin of civilization. There still exist, in certain parts of Europe, in the fields or deep in the woods, certain large worn stones, marked with long, deep incisions, which have for ages been considered sacred. To these, even at the present day, people make pilgrimages, without knowing exactly why they do so. Modern science has recognized the stones to be "polishers," which, owing to their being harder than other stones, were used to polish and sharpen the tools and weapons of flint which alone were used in early times. These great, hard stones were thus the centres of the manufacture and sale of stone implements. As they were rare, great crowds were drawn to them, and they became the markets for tools, and all other products. In succeeding centuries the discovery of metals abolished their first purpose, but as the crowds could not be deterred from going to their accustomed meeting places, religion took possession and turned them into shrines. So successfully did it do this, that to this day people are drawn to these points whose earliest uses were wholly practical, but to which a vague sentiment now attaches, sanctified, one hardly knows why, by the most ancient traditions of humanity.

At Rheims, one of the metropolitan cities of Gaul, where the kings of France were crowned by the miracle of the Saint Ampoule, there is a celebrated pilgrimage to the Church of Saint Remi, which is the oldest basilica of the region. The surrounding population still goes there in great numbers on October 1. The old church is built over the remains of a pagan temple, which was consecrated to the god of the Remois (Remi). The pilgrimage of Saint Remi is then a survival, in this case in a large town, of the gathering together of crowds in a sacred place, which is at the same time a centre of business. There are numerous similar instances.

In France there is a famous fair of Beaucaire, and that of Lendit, which was held in a meadow between Paris and St. Denis. In Germany, there were the no less celebrated fairs of Frankfort. In Russia, the fair of Nijni-Novgorod still takes place, and it is worthy of remark that this fair, two years ago, transformed itself into an exposition. The great pilgrimages which took place in the Middle Ages, and which still go to St. James of Compostella, St. Michael's (in peril from the sea), to Mecca and Fez for Mohammedans, to Lourdes and to Jerusalem for Christians, give opportunities for great enterprises of transport and barter, which are yet small in relation to what is accomplished by expositions.

It is, then, a need as old as humanity itself for human beings to gather together in masses, in a place that possesses sufficient attraction, and the conditions in which this great event is accomplished deserve to be closely examined.

In these movements the crowds are generally drawn by four distinct motives: religion, commerce, curiosity, and pleasure. These terms are clear to all, but they must be understood in a broad and philosophical sense.

Religion is the common aspiration toward the ideal; it is the united effort of all to elevate humanity by the contemplation of the problems of the world and the problem of destiny. Every act, every wish, every effort which causes the individual to participate in this universal elevation is a religious act. In this sense scientific effort can be described as religious. Each time that it reaches the masses and draws them into a common collaboration and conviction, it becomes religious in the highest degree.

The desire to influence men is in some measure inherent in those who have revealed, discovered or explained great progress in ethics, science or art. And it is natural that they should address themselves to the masses who assemble, at given points and at fixed times, to learn all that is new. Thus, when Gutenberg at Strasbourg, by long and secret study in a cave, was working at his discovery of the art of printing, he hurried and pushed his associates and workmen unceasingly, in order to introduce his invention to the world at one of the fairs to which pilgrimages were made, every seven years, at Aix-la-Chapelle, hoping, no doubt, to profit by the immense advertisement he would get when the assembled crowd should once more be dispersed to the four quarters of the globe. There is in this circumstance, relating to the greatest invention of genius, so evident an analogy with what takes place at modern expositions, that I mention it to establish conclusively the somewhat religious character that attaches to these vast gatherings, where the progress that has been made in science, art, conveniences and ethics are assembled and revealed. And when one of our writers, M. de Vogüé, said of the Exposition of 1889, that there ought to be a labarum on the top of the Eiffel Tower, he did not perhaps see into the inward nature of things. Let us leave the cross to churches; as to modern science, let it still follow the thunder and the celestial fire in the clouds.

The motive that draws crowds together is also religious; it is the broadest of human feelings—fraternity. All living souls feel, at bottom, that they are brothers. They seek each other, from one end of the world to the other; they wish to understand and to convince each other. One half of the world wants to know what the other half thinks and says. From that desire springs the taste for travel, the need of communication that levels continents, that covers the seas with sails, and with the smoke of steamers; the rendezvous that the human species give each other in order to see each other face to face, to eat at the same table the bread of universal brotherhood. We might say that humanity weaves, across the ages, a regret for the confusion of tongues that dispersed it at the building of the Tower of Babel, and that it continually seeks other towers and beacons at the foot of which it may repair the ancient error.

The commercial motive that inspires these assemblings is so evident that it is sufficient to mention it. There is, so to say, no pilgrimage without a fair, the contact of humanity in masses awakening a natural desire for business. The movement of men around the globe has certainly for its chief object the transaction of affairs. When Hercules wandered for the first time over the shores of the Mediterranean, crossed the strait that bears his name and threw himself upon the ocean, it needed a thirst for gain to induce him to undertake such a terrible adventure. Christopher Columbus was a scientific man; he wanted to carry the religion of Christ to the new lands that his genius told him were across the seas, and that is why he signed his letters with the magnificent name *Christum ferens;* but he surely would have found neither associates nor crews if he had not foreseen at the end of his adventurous voyage the possibility of commerce with the East Indies. The pursuit of commerce being the principal object of the movement of men on the globe, it explains the meetings they arrange during their peregrinations. But in order to justify these meetings and attract customers, commerce must continually produce new things by new methods, and offer them at low prices. From the necessary rivalry invention is born. Invention stimulates the human spirit, and is the mother of production; it ameliorates the conditions of existence, develops technic and refines taste. In a word, it is the perpetual agent of progress.

But invention is the property of genius. It finds its counterpart among the masses in the third motive that unites them—curiosity. Man is interrogative. He asks unceasingly: "What is there new? What do they say?" To gather news we see men go immense distances, at the sacrifice of time and money, to the depths of unknown countries. It is not a question only of knowing—that is superficial curiosity; it is, above all, necessary to learn—a wise and useful form of curiosity. If the man of genius wishes to turn to account, or to gain fame from his discovery, the crowd wishes also to know it in order to profit by it. It is thus a sure and judicious instinct that moves them simultaneously. Neither will be absent from the rendezvous. As the antelope comes from afar and walks around the dazzling cloth that hides the trap, so the savage is drawn by an invincible force toward the tradesman who spreads his mirrors or beads before his astonished eyes; and so, also, civilized man stands before shop-windows where glittering civilization artfully advertises its wares and stimulates his curiosity. When I see, in ordinary times, men and women in the streets of Paris walking in a row, eyes fixed and necks outstretched, before the Louvre and the Bon Marché, my thoughts go back to ancient times, when the ancestors of these men and women rushed, with the same emotion and secret desire, to the places where the venders of flints exposed their products for sale. I think, also, of the long caravans, which for entire months cross the deserts exposed to innumerable perils, in order to exchange their products, and inform themselves of what is being said and done in the world; and then I am more than ever convinced of the analogy that exists between fairs, pilgrimages and expositions, which are nothing but the last effort of progress applied to the traditional instincts of humanity.

The last of the four motives is pleasure. But here again we must take the word in a broad sense. Nature has given to pleasure the care of her own preservation. What pleasure men find in meeting each other, what happiness in finding themselves among their fellows, how their temper softens and they feel a sort of communicative warmth that is born of the general cheerfulness! It is impossible to deny these phenomena. But their delight is augmented if in addition they witness beautiful spectacles; if magnificent landscapes unroll themselves before their eyes, not empty, but animate; if fine architectural lines and varied works of art excite a brotherly enthusiasm; if brilliant theatrical representations draw at one time from ten thousand breasts the same cry of horror or admiration. These are ineffable moments, and succeeding generations, hearing these memorable experiences described by their forerunners, are anxious to live the like themselves.

It has been said that expositions are too frequent. Morose old man, blasé philosopher, inquire of the young people who are beginning life! Ten years ago they were but ten years old; twenty or thirty years ago, when you were participating in the pleasures you find so tiresome to-day, they were unborn. They want to see what you have seen, to go where you have gone, to tire in their turn, and to know your fatigue. Life recommences unceasingly. You are singularly lacking in philosophy, O philosophers! if you think the world will die with you. In the sacred places toward which the masses directed their steps, pleasure always had a part. Fêtes, fairs, rest and common joy, surprises and emotions strong or gentle, were the necessary halts for man during his long, hard journey through the world.

Thus, then, voyages, caravans, pilgrimages and fairs have led men by imperceptible stages to the modern form of rendezvous known as Exposition.

II

THE Paris Exposition that takes place in a jubilee year must answer to the four great motives that we have indicated, and it is by the manner in which it satisfies these primitive instincts that we shall judge of its success.

The thought that directed this great fête is expressed in the first decree signed by M. Carnot and M. Jules Roche, which decided, as long ago as 1892, the principle of the Exposition of 1900. "Expositions," says the statement that precedes the decree, "are not only days of rest and gayety in the lives of the people; they appear, at intervals, as heights from which we measure the way already traversed. Men come from them cheered, full of hope, and animated by a profound faith in the future. This faith, exclusive appanage of some noble minds in former centuries, is to-day spreading more and more; *it is the general religion of modern times*—a fruitful worship in which universal expositions take their place, as useful and majestic solemnities; as the manifestations necessary to the existence of a laborious nation animated by an irresistible desire to expand; as enterprises that recommend themselves less by the material benefits of all sorts which accompany them than by the vigorous impulse given to the human mind."

Standing out from between these lines we can see a striking trait of expositions; that is, their democratic character. These are not fêtes of kings, but of the people. It is also remarkable that the most successful expositions have been held in democratic lands—at Philadelphia, Chicago, Paris. It may be that monarchical countries hesitate to foster an institution so democratic.

Paris has a special attraction for the world. Less sacred than Jerusalem, less ancient than Rome, she has always ardently aspired to progress. She has never stopped, never slept. She fights the good fight always, with the same faith in the future as if she had been born yesterday. She is one of the oldest cities in the world, and at the same time one of the most modern.

To this fact is due the force that draws thousands to her every year, and, in exposition years, millions of human beings. This attractive force lies in the physical, mental and spiritual power periodically expended at a given point by the conscious and convergent effort of so many million Frenchmen. It is the energy accumulated in this narrow space that has charged her, if I may so express myself, like a magnificent battery, and made her a magnet toward which the world is drawn from all directions.

Now Paris understood that on this occasion it would be necessary, in order to attract the world, to show herself once more worthy of its notice. Never before has she made such an effort as that which has just been completed. The city did not confine itself to creating a beautiful exposition; it decided to exhibit itself. It is this that will be the great novelty of the World's Fair of 1900. Until now, expositions

[illegible] relegated to the faubourgs, to the Champs de Mars. [illegible] time Paris has installed it near her heart, in the Place de la Concorde. She wished a setting unique in all the world for [illegible] that she was preparing for the nations.

An entire district has been taken to make a magnificent [illegible] whose upper part is the Champs Elysees; the foot rests [illegible] Place de la Concorde, and the head is crowned by the [illegible] of the Place de l'Étoile. It has for its arms the fine [illegible] avenue which rests one hand on the Elysees, while the [illegible] is pierced, as with a great golden nail, by the dome of [illegible] Invalides. Thus, by the magnificent horizons, the eye [illegible] on the delicate slopes of the Seine, Paris, enlarging [illegible] perspectives of a great capital, discloses, at a single [illegible] to the spectator at the Louvre of Henri IV., the Arc [illegible] Triomphe of Napoleon and the Invalides of Louis XIV., [illegible] unites these spectacles by the single arch of the [illegible] of which European Nicholas laid the foundation stone [illegible] peace. In the words of the poet Heredia, "strength accomplishes the dazzling works of peace; and this bridge, throwing a vast arch from the retreating to the advancing century, is made to bind together the nations and the ages."

At the sides of the triumphal avenue, and supporting the bridge, are the two new edifices which will be, properly speaking, the core of the French Exposition; for there will be exhibited the artistic marvels that France has produced in the last hundred years. The grandeur of the great Palace of the Fine Arts, the grace and elegance of the smaller one, show a decided return toward architecture in stone—while the preceding Exposition, with its Eiffel Tower and Machinery Hall, afforded a remarkable demonstration of the possibilities of architecture in iron.

In reality, it is these great strides in the field of invention that constitute the true significance of expositions. The Opera of Paris, which dates from the Exposition of 1867, has been copied and recopied twenty times since. The gardens and boulevards of M. Alphand, which were the creation of 1878, have contributed toward spreading air, light and flowers in a majority of the large suburban settlements; the Eiffel Tower and Machinery Hall were the last word in iron architecture, and, for my own part, I think that in them it attained its limit as well as its apogee. In short, the large palaces, and the architecture of the Exposition of 1900, generally show a decided return to the use of stone. The Exposition this year will be white, while that of 1889, owing to the metallic appearance of the iron framework, was in general effect blue.

France having reserved for herself this great avenue and the bridge, her guests have taken upon themselves the decoration of the Seine. The Seine winds and twists through the grounds of the new Exposition, and there all the nations have been invited to join in a magnificent architectural competition. They have risen to the occasion, and I doubt if there exists among the works of man anything so fairy-like and astonishing as this forest of steeples, roofs, domes, cupolas, donjons, towers, minarets, pyramids, pylons, columns and lighthouses, whose carved and fretted profiles, stretching toward the clouds, are outlined against the western sky, while their façades, illuminated by the setting sun, are mirrored in the yellow and rose-colored waters of the Seine. Floating down the river in a boat, by glancing from one bank to the other one can see for himself the state of advancement of that most noble of the arts—architecture—among the different peoples of the world. As one of the organizers of the Exposition said in homely language, "We shall see this time just what the architects of the present day can do, because we have *emptied* them." They have worked by hundreds at the Exposition, with *carte-blanche* as regards money and space. By reason of the great variety of edifices, every spectator can find something to his taste. Among so many bold, graceful and strange conceptions, he will be able to make his choice and award the palm.

The first impression given by the Exposition will be one of great architectural effect. The effort which has produced this impression, accompanied by a great scientific display, is demonstrated nowhere more remarkably than in the classification adopted. For the first time in Paris the Exposition, instead of being a picture of dead nature, will be a faithful reproduction of life. All the products of industry and art will be viewed in connection with their motive power, their appropriate machinery, tools and workmen. We shall not see an object lying immovable, coffined in a plate-glass window; it will be instinct with form and life. The Exposition is no longer a museum; it has become a workshop. To be sure, we shall lose the grandiose effect of the old Machinery Hall which, with its rows of mechanism of all kinds, beating, whistling, screaming and stamping together, seemed like an immense stable full of monsters. But, on the other hand, wherever the eye rests in the present building it will get the impression of human activity, of supple strength running over the wires and shafts, in obedience to man's will and to processes he has persistently perfected.

The great progress made by humanity during the last eleven years is demonstrated by the place it occupies in nomenclature and by the extent of space it demands in this exhibition. Electricity will decidedly be queen, with her auxiliary—so full of unforeseen consequences—the conveyance of power to a distance. The chemical industries have hitherto been relegated to a sub-section. During these eleven years they have accomplished such miracles that they will now be treated regally. The great battle of mines and metallurgy will take place before our eyes. It is already prophesied that the champions will be Germany and the United States, and that the combat has many surprises in store. Metallurgy will have its own duel, between cast-iron and steel; and it is said that already steel, in exterior construction, no less than inside the exhibition halls, has had a brilliant success. The employment of iron framework will be illustrated to perfection, if not in entire buildings, at least in windows, roofs and galleries. Iron has been cut out and refined until it is only an interwoven thread. Its meshes make an immense spider's web that covers all the roofs of the halls. The boldest and most graceful curves, the most unexpected angles, lightly indicate the glowing patterns of arches and arcades. Floods of light penetrate these airy spaces, which none the less give an impression of strength and stability. Near to the technical display of architectural boldness in iron we see the equally new and perhaps bolder work that has been done with artificial stone, prepared staff, as a cement. Automobilization will assemble at Vincennes its inflammable horses that speed without rails. Aerostation has a place to itself. It will tell of its hopes. Will it score a success?

Much is hoped from the effect that will be produced by the decorative arts. The old frames are broken; the old hangings, with their gold fringes, put away; the classical colors are no more used. New forms and harmonies are sought for. Elegance refines, enlightens and purifies herself for her marriage with the dazzling light of electricity. In the language of the day, it is the "new art," where symbolism and mysticism are seeking their places. Sometimes modern floridity, supple and vigorous, replaces the elegance and sobriety of classic decoration. There is much that is uncertain and capricious in all this. Everything has been tried, and there is something for all tastes—even for the bad, alas! The search for originality results at times fantastically. But of all these bold attempts something will remain; more variety, and perhaps more grace.

Still other things take a flight that characterizes contemporaneous work; for instance, colonization, which for twenty years has, so to speak, narrowed the globe, and in spite of many errors has spread the blessing of civilization to the very ends of the earth; hygiene, which, following the lead of Pasteur, seeks, in a reign of cleanliness (which is scientifically called antiseptic treatment), new conditions of health and well-being

M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX

for the individual, and for humanity in general; social economy, which applies to the amelioration of the lot of many the benefits formerly reserved for the avidity of the few; movements for the relief of the poor, which aid the most unfortunate, and enlarge the fields of charity, making them coterminous with the lawful domain of fraternity.

But one must be brief, and simply state that invention and science, directed by the desire of doing good, will offer ample food for the universal curiosity roused by the call to all nations. All the peoples are preparing to reply, and their presence will be a great mutual attraction. The journey from New York to Havre takes six days, and from Irkoutsk to Paris, twelve. The world has become small. Any one who still wishes to see people who differ from himself and others will have to make haste. Already, during the construction of the Exposition, Paris has seen in her streets gangs of workmen brought from the most diverse countries: Russians, with their long beards, their blouses and their "moujik" caps; Persians, with their robes and headgear of camel skin; Japanese, with quick eyes and confident faces; Hindoos and Indo-Chinese, with long garments and effeminate walk; the Tunisian in his fez, and the Arab draped in white burnous. They have shown each other their manners, their work and their different ideas of beauty and finish; they learn by contact with each other, and the work in common has been one of the best of teachers.

It will be the same with their compatriots who in imagination or in the flesh will follow them. Who can say what new seeds will be sown in many brains by the mutual study and investigation which this great show will prompt and facilitate? Each man has his province and limits himself to his art; he finds there the last word; he retires into himself, and carries away in his secret meditations a spark that will light the fire of future creations. If he feels the need of the light of speech as well as of facts, he will find it in the various congresses and conferences, where all the savants, artists, inventors—all the great intellects by which humanity is honored—have appointed rendezvous. Curiosity will be largely satisfied; universal knowledge will be universally spread.

As to commerce, it is scarcely necessary to speak of the part it plays in such a solemnity. Is it an exaggeration to place at ten thousand million francs the sum that for several years has clinked in the bottom of chests, safes and purses, to be at last poured out on a single spot and flow thence in immense streams over the entire world? The expenses of the visitors, which it has been estimated will amount to about sixty million francs, must not alone be counted, the expenses of the exhibitors must also be reckoned, and the boundless repercussion that this represents over all the surface of the globe. Steamship companies, railways, hotels, provision and dry-goods stores, construction of all sorts, luxury in every form—those who supply the needs of man and those who prepare the superfluous—all these are held breathless during months and years.

It is said that this only affects commerce in towns. Well, one restaurant alone in Paris has already arranged for 6,000 head of cattle, 15,000 sheep, 12,000 calves; it has orderd 2,500,000 eggs for the gigantic omelet that it will serve to its guests. Gargantua never dreamed of such a thing. Such banquets cannot be given without taxing the resources of agriculture. From all parts of the country herds of cattle, calves and sheep are coming to be eaten in Paris, and all the farms and markets will rejoice to hear the tremendous noise that will be made by the masticating jaws of mankind during the six months at the dinner-table of the Exposition.

There will be, in short, according to all forecasts, a great clamor of joy. Certainly there are satiated and morose minds, and sad hearts, that, fearing the noise of the crowd, will retire to some quiet retreat, *in angello cum libello*, and let the torrent rush by. But the river will flow and will be full. Universal life, firmly marching to its invisible goal, will not pay any attention to these old fogies, these "back numbers." In the triumphal days that are in preparation it will carry all the world along in its whirlwind, even the crazy fools who run shouting or insulting beside its car.

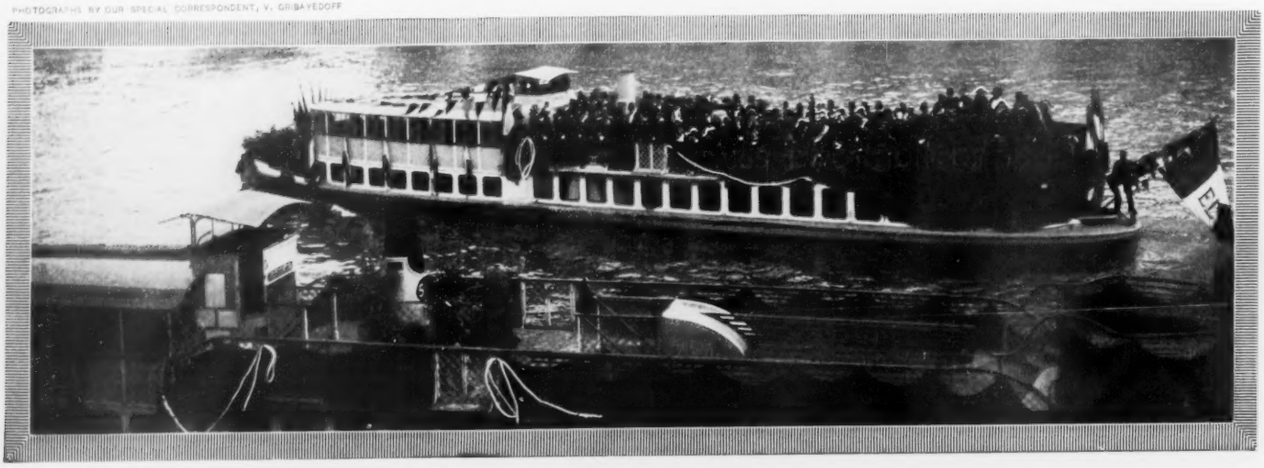
There will be both noble and vulgar pleasures. The great artistic exposition, brought together in a centennial year, will awaken refined and delicate emotions; the history and geography of music, expressed and revealed in numerous concerts, conducted by masters of the art, will call forth new sensations. The life of the Middle Ages will be described and illustrated with a firm and lively touch in "Old Paris," where will be found some really delightful corners; trans-Siberian landscapes will be unrolled by a curious contrivance before the eyes of the spectator, who will travel six thousand kilometres in thirty minutes; a magnificent panorama will simultaneously reveal to him Constantinople and the Golden Horn, Athens and the Acropolis, Pekin, with its flower-boats, Japan and Fujiyama; while the Suez Canal, sunk in its banks of sand, will appear to his vision as a door open on infinity. He will be surprised to find himself shipwrecked and dry at the bottom of the sea, surrounded by weird submarine landscapes, while the deep-sea monsters, still more astonished, come and bump their open mouths against the glass and wonder at their strange visitors. The moon will be near; by means of a prodigious telescope he will see that joyless country as plainly as if he were about to set foot on it, and the people of the nineteenth century will be the first to traverse the space between heaven and earth in a moment, and without shock.

And to cap the climax of these ingenious and amusing attractions, which are only, at bottom, the increased and improved pleasures of the ancient fairs, an inventor has had the original idea of opening a topsy-turvy house where visitors will appear to be walking head downward. The clocks will tell the time backward; fireplaces will burn water; chairs will stand on their backs with the castors for seats; those who sleep will do so on the springs of the bed; the wine in the cellar will run on the roof, gutters will smoke, and the fifth floor will be on the ground. In connection with this extraordinary exhibit the topsy-turviest fact is the reputed sanity of its creator.

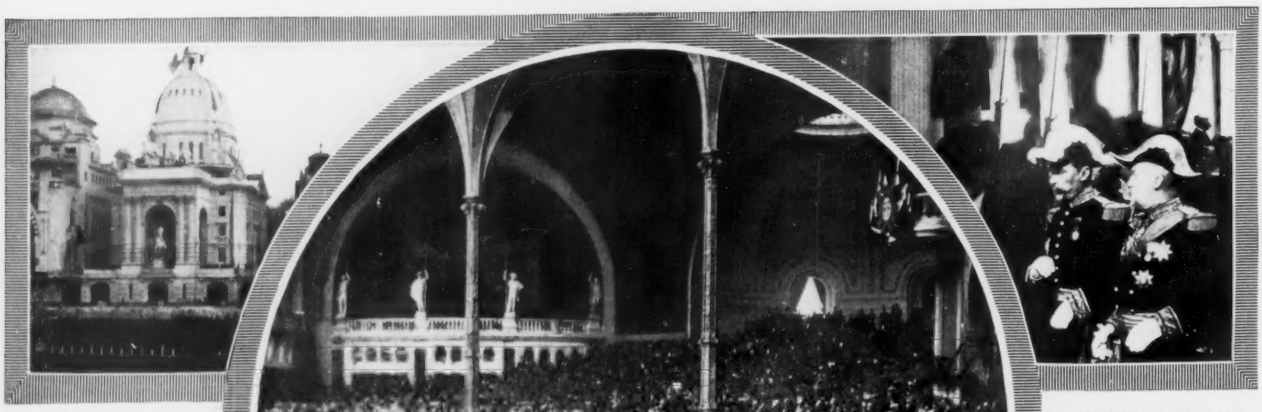
But the crowds will be the greatest sight of all. The coming and going of sixty million visitors on two hundred acres during six months; the curiosity awakened, the looks interchanged, the varying emotions blended in simple and unanimous sentiments—these will be the vast, the prodigious spectacle. The crowds will roll in on each other like the waves of the sea; there will be surging and sudden calms, strong currents and whirlpools, that will carry the crowds in and out like the tide.

It is said that the Exposition will be unequalled at night; for then the electric current will be turned on. Its presence will be all-pervading. It will flash upon the ground, glide into caverns, climb upon and cling to cornices, and flame into interiors; it will illuminate heights, crown the domes and globes, dance lightly on the clouds, and search the horizons with its imperial shafts of light; luminous and phosphorescent streams will fall in colossal waves from the top of the Château d'Eau; they will flow through the gardens like rivulets of molten metal and expand into glowing lakes like frozen stars spread out before one's feet. Enormous popular fêtes are already planned to take place in Machinery Hall, now transformed into a pleasure palace. Near by, the electric pavilion will gather up all the splendors of the force that Franklin stole from heaven. The kermess will open under the converging rays of electric suns levelled on the immense hall. The glass vault will be like a furnace flaming in the night. The inhabitants of other worlds will ask themselves what new star has suddenly flashed upon their sight. It will be the Exposition radiant and streaming with the festival of the lights and the joy of the crowds—while in the night the ancient city will press her formless sleeping mass upon the low-lying hills. And on the banks of the glittering river old Notre-Dame, kneeling, still prays in silence, her two arms raised to heaven.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF



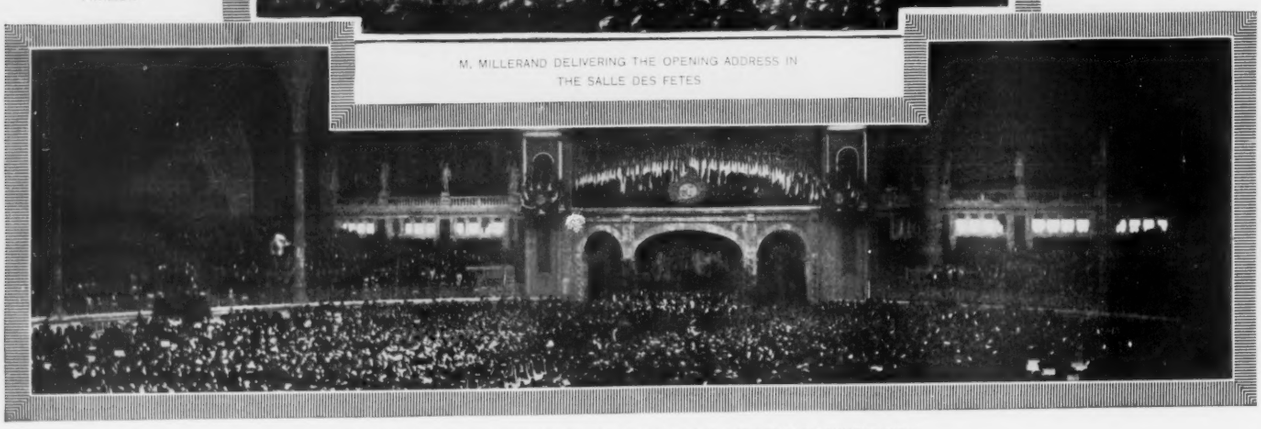
PRESIDENT LOUBET'S BOAT CASTING OFF FOR HER TRIP UP THE SEINE TO THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS



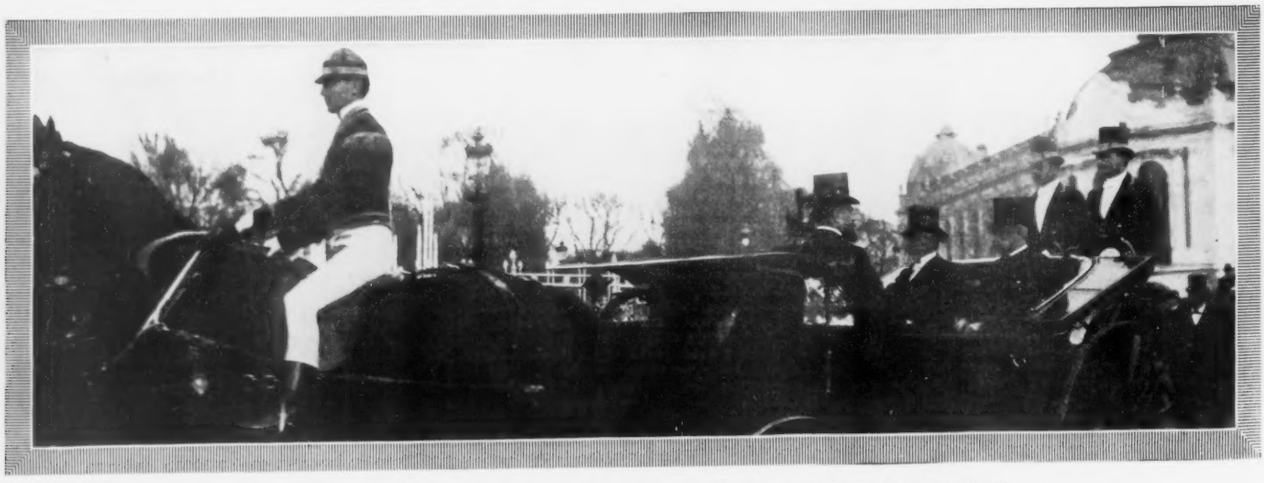
THE UNITED STATES PAVILION

M. MILLERAND DELIVERING THE OPENING ADDRESS IN THE SALLE DES FETES

MEMBERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SALLE DES FETES DURING THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION



PRESIDENT LOUBET AND M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU RETURNING HOME AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S CEREMONIES

THE OPENING CEREMONIES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF

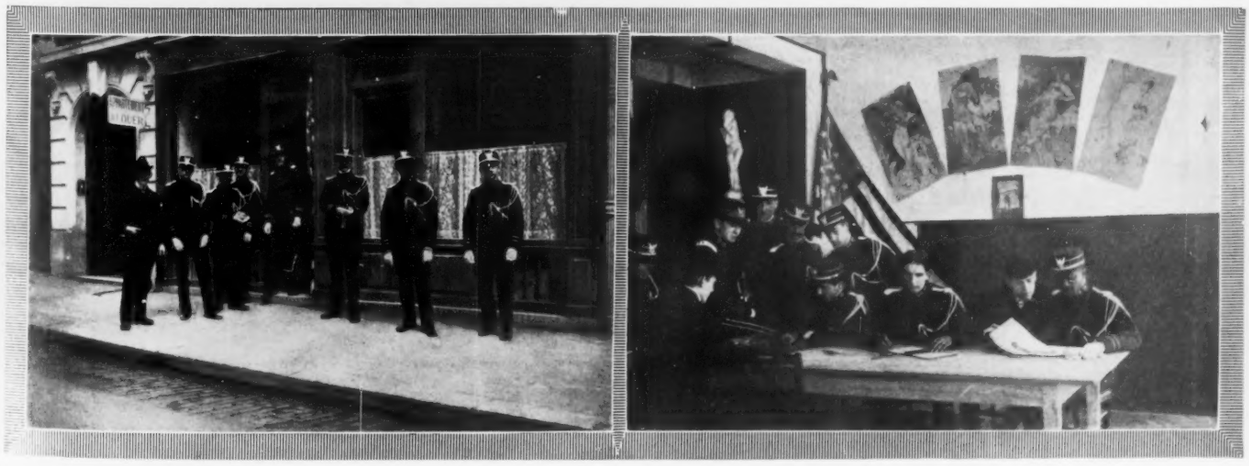
LE PONT ALEXANDRE III., WHICH BRIDGES THE SEINE AND UNITES THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

ORIENTAL BUILDINGS ON THE TROCADERO

CHIEF PORTAL OF THE MUSEUM OF HISTORIC FRENCH ART

A CORNER IN THE STREET OF NATIONS

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, BORDERED BY LE GRAND AND LE PETIT PALACES OF THE FINE ARTS



GROUP OF AMERICAN GUARDS OUTSIDE THEIR HEADQUARTERS

AMERICAN GUARDS PREPARING FOR THEIR DUTIES

SCENES DURING THE FIRST DAYS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY T. DE THULSTRUP ILLUSTRATING THE VISIT OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION. TO ACCOMPANY "THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN," THE FIRST OF SIX SHORT STORIES UNDER THE TITLE BY ROBERT CHAMBERS

FOR PARIS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR!

SIGHTSEERS IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES ADMIRING ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS, THE BASSIN DE LATONE

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, WITH EGYPTIAN OBELISK BROUGHT FROM LUXOR BY NAPOLEON

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THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, *Author of "The King in Yellow," etc.*

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SIX SHORT STORIES DETAILING THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD. TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY T. DE THULSTRUP

I HAVE a certain delicacy in admitting that I owe my present visit to Paris to a pig. I bought him at a Westchester cattle show on the earnest recommendation of his owner, a country neighbor of mine, whose life is passed in improving the breed of domestic quadrupeds. I have known my neighbor all my life. His name is Gillian Van Dieman.

We are an inoffensive Westchester community; all of us are wealthy; we maintain an innocuous exclusiveness, a ritualistic chapel, and a pack of foxhounds. Our country seats are closed only when we spend February in town; and we all spend it where our grandfathers spent it—but I certainly shall not reveal the name of our hotel.

Our houses are what are commonly known as "fine old colonial mansions"—by those who do not live in them. They were not built in colonial times. Neither, by the way, was the pig I bought.

He was distinctly rococo in architecture, with a touch of baroque about his jowl and a squeal like the wild east wind. But I bought him. Heaven knows why, and my men built him a chaste bower to leeward of an edifice devoted to horses.

Here I came to contemplate him while my horse was being saddled. Except four horses, the pig was the first domestic creature I personally had ever harbored, although my daughter Alida owned some bull dogs and my daughter Dulcima protected a colony of bandy dachshunds at my expense.

At the hunt club that afternoon I met Van Dieman, and mentioned the purchase of the pig.

"You are not a farmer," he said; "why buy a pig?"

"I don't know," I replied; "didn't you suggest it?"

"See here, Peter," he said anxiously, "what is the matter with you of late?"

I was not aware that anything unusual characterized me or my conduct, and told him so a trifle curtly.

"Something's wrong," he insisted. "Everybody at the club says so. You tell the same story twice in an evening, you sit up till nearly ten o'clock, you no longer read the 'Evening Post,' you look at your thumbs for hours, and twiddle them too."

"What of it?" I retorted. "There is nothing else to do in Westchester."

"THAT'S IT!" he said with mild emphasis. "Peter Van Twiller, you have gone stale as an April foxhound! Go abroad!"

"Abroad!" I repeated. "Why?"

"Clear out mental cobwebs," he answered promptly. "There's Paris and the Exposition—"

"My dear Van," I protested, "for twenty odd years of my life I have avoided Paris. Why should I go back there now?"

"Haven't you been there in twenty years?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing: to avoid meeting the entire United States on an intimate footing."

"Very well," said Van Dieman viciously, "if you want to let your mind entirely, continue to take root. It's my opinion that you've already gone too stale to take care of your own pig."

Forty years of intimacy could scarcely justify this.

"When the day comes," said I haughtily, "that I find myself no longer competent to take care of my own pig, I will certainly accept your unsolicited advice."

"You'll go to Paris if anything happens to the pig?"

"Anything due to my own stupidity—which you have so kindly intimated that you and the other members of this club have noticed."

"Vous deux, alors!" he said, smiling. He speaks French well, as do I; but he learned his French in France and speaks it so badly that I can never understand him.

"Toujours la politesse," I observed, that phrase being safest when one has not understood one's neighbor.

He smiled an evil smile and reopened his book, "L'Aiglon," which I truly believe not even a Frenchman could read without an English dictionary.

That night, when my daughters had retired, and all the servants were abed, I did a thing I have not done in years—not since I was a freshman at Columbia: I sat up with my pipe and an unexpurged translation of Henry James until nearly eleven o'clock. However, by midnight I was asleep.

It was full starlight when I awoke and jumped softly out of bed. Somebody was tapping loudly at the front door below. I put on a dressing-gown and slippers and waited; but no servants were aroused by the persistent rapping.

After a moment I went to the window, raised it gently and looked out. A farmer with a lantern stood below.

"Say, squire," he said, when he beheld my head, "I guess I'll have to ask your help. I'm on my way to market and my pig broke loose and I can't ketch him nohow."

"Hush!" I whispered; "I'll come down."

Very cautiously I unbarred the front door and stepped out into the lovely April starlight. In the road beyond my hedge stood a farm-wagon containing an empty crate. Near it moved the farmer, and just beyond his outstretched hands sported a playful pig.

The farmer's dilemma touched me. What in the world was so utterly hopeless as to pursue, unaided, a coy pig at midnight.

"If you will just stand there, squire, and sorter spread out your skirts, I'll git him in a jiffy," said the panting farmer.

I did as I was bidden. The farmer approached; the pig pranced between his legs.

"By gum!" said the beloved of Mr. Markham, "the blank blanked offspring of evil parents tore my pants!"

But, after half an hour, the pig became over-confident, and the tiller of phosphites seized him and bore him, shrieking, to the wooden crate in the wagon, there depositing him, fastening the door, and climbing into his seat with warm thanks to me for my aid.

I told the "Brother to the Ox" that he was welcome, and I meant it, for I have read "The Man with the Hoe." Then, with heart serenely warmed by brotherly love and a knowledge of my own exclusiveness, I retired to sleep soundly until Higgins came to shave me at eight o'clock next morning.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Higgins, stirring his lather as I returned from the bath to submit my chin to his razor—"beg pardon, sir, but—but the pig, sir—"

"What pig?" I asked sharply. Had Higgins beheld me pursuing that miserable midnight porker? And if he had, was he going to dare to say so?

"What pig, sir? Why, THE pig, sir."

"I do not understand you, Higgins," I said coldly.

"Beg pardon, sir, but Miss Alida asked me to tell you, sir, that the pig—"—"WHAT PIG?" I repeated, exasperated.

"Why—why—OURS, sir."

I turned to stare at him. "MY pig?" I asked.

"Yes, sir—he's gone, sir—"

"Gone!" I thundered.—"Stolen, sir, out o' the pen last night."

Stunned, I could only stare at Higgins. Stolen? MY pig? Last night?

"Some one," said Higgins, "has went and opened that lovely fancy sty, sir; and the pig he bolted. It takes a quick thief to stop and steal a pig, sir. There must ha' been two on 'em to catch that pig!"

The calmness of despair came over me. I saw it, now. I had been called out of bed to help a thief catch my own pig. For nearly half an hour I had dodged about there in front of my own house, too stupid to suspect, too stupid even to recognize my own pig in the capricious porker shying and caracolling about in the moonlight. Good heavens! Van Dieman was right. A man who helps to steal his own pig is fit for nothing but Paris or a sanitarium.

"Shave me speedily, Higgins," I said. "I am not well, Higgins, and it is difficult for me to preserve sufficient composure to sit still. And, Higgins, it is not at all necessary for you to refer to that pig hereafter. You understand? Very well. Go to the telephone and call up the Cunard office."

Presently I was in communication with Bowling Green.

That morning in the breakfast-room, when I had kissed my daughter Alida, aged eighteen, and my daughter Dulcima, aged nineteen, the younger said: "Papa, do you know that our pig has been stolen?"

"Alida," I replied, "I myself disposed of him"—which was the dreadful truth in the form of paternal prevarication.

"You sold him?" asked Dulcima in surprise.

"N—not exactly. These grape-fruit are sour!"

"You gave him away?" asked Alida.

"Yes—after a fashion. Is this the same coffee we have been using? It has a peculiar—"

"Who did you give him to?" persisted my younger child.

"A—man."—"What man?"—"Nobody you know, child."—"But—"—"Stop!" said I firmly. "It is a subject too delicate to discuss."

"Oh, pooh!" said Dulcima; "everybody discusses everything everywhere—except in Westchester. And besides I want to know—"—"About the pig!" broke in Alida.

"And that man to whom you gave the pig—"

"Alida," said I, with misleading mildness, "how would you like to go to Paris?"—"Oh! papa—"—"And you, Dulcima?"—"Darling papa!"—"When?" cried Alida.

"Wednesday," I replied with false urbanity.

"Oh! The darling!" they cried in rapture, and made toward me.

"Wait!" I said with a hideous smile. "We have not yet left Sandy Hook! And I solemnly promise you both that if either of you ever again ask me one question concerning that pig—nay, if you so much as look askance at me over a pork-chop—neither you nor I will ever leave Sandy Hook!"

They have kept their promises—or I should never now be standing here on the deck of the *S.S. Cambodia*, the pride of the great Cunard Line, with my daughter Dulcima on one side and my daughter Alida on the other side of me, and my old friend Van Dieman waving me adieu from a crowded pier, where hundreds of handkerchiefs flutter in the breeze.

"Au revoir et bon voyage!" he called up to me; "et qu'on ne dise pas que je n'ai vien dit de nouveau!"

"Toujours la politesse," I muttered, nodding sagely.

"That was a funny reply to make, papa," said Dulcima.

"Not at all," I replied, somewhat stiffly; "to know a language is to know when to use its idioms." They both looked a little blank, but continued to wave their handkerchiefs.

"A bien-tôt!" called Alida softly, as the towering black sides of the steamer slipped along the wooden wharf.

Van Dieman raised his hat on the pier below, and answered: "A bien-tôt? C'est la mort, jusqu'a bien-tôt! Donc, vive la vie, Mademoiselle!"

"There is no necessity in chattering like a Frenchman when you talk French," I observed to Alida. "Could you make out what Van Dieman said to you?"

"Y—yes," she admitted, with a faint blush.

I glanced at Dulcima. There was a mischievous light in her blue eyes.

"Pooh!" I thought; "Van Dieman is forty if he's a day."

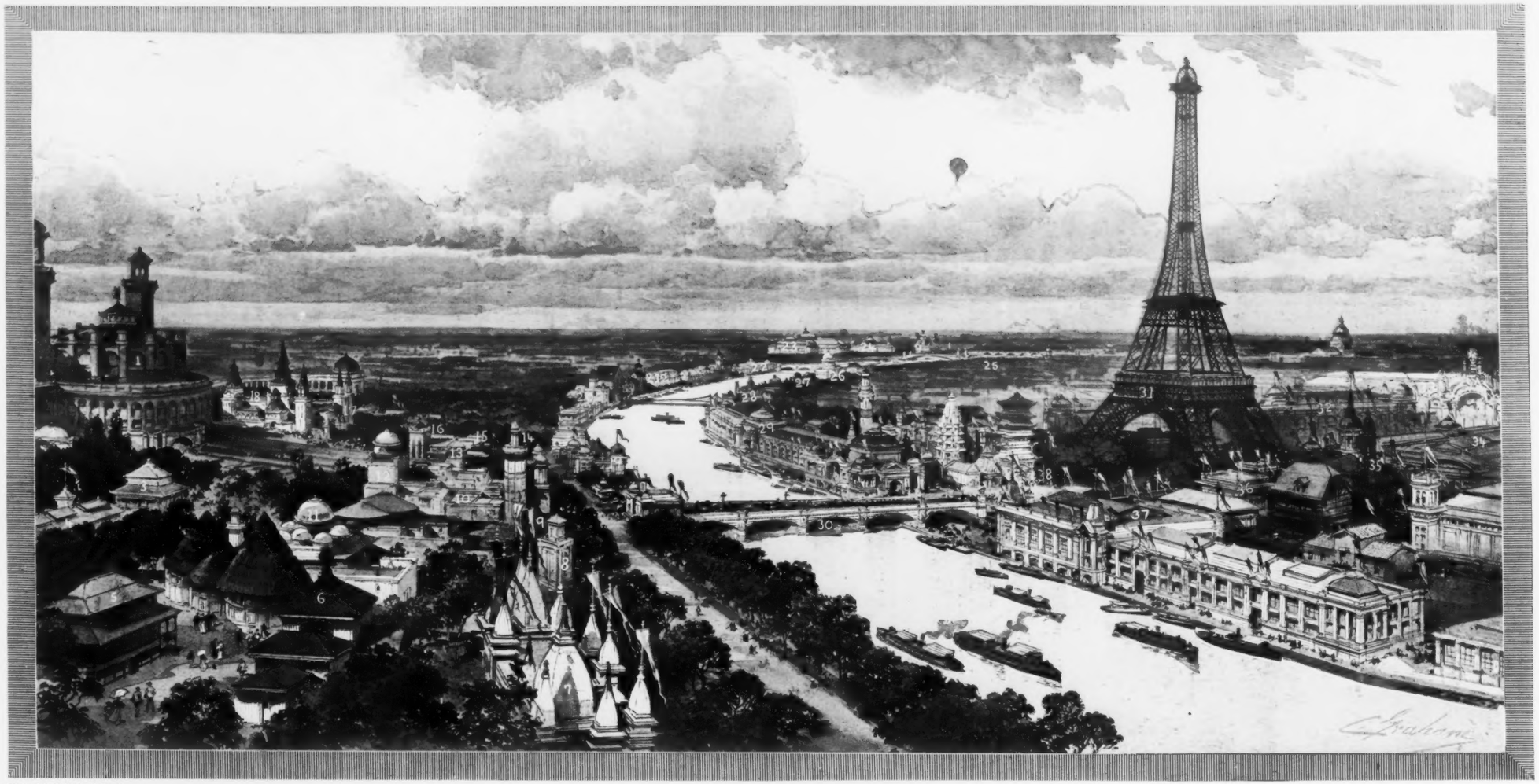
While the ship slid smoothly on past Castle William and poked her slim nose toward the forts at the Narrows, I watched the distant pier which we had left. It was still black with people, moving like ants. And, as I looked, I muttered ever: "Pooh! Van Dieman's forty. There's nothing in it, nothing in it, nothing whatever."

Off Fort Hamilton I noticed that Alida had a tear in one of her brown eyes. "There's nothing in it," I repeated obstinately.

Off Sandy Hook we caught the first heavy Atlantic swell. In a few minutes many of the passengers went below; in a few more minutes the remainder of the passengers went below; and I was on the way below with my daughter Alida on one arm and my daughter Dulcima on the other.

"There is nothing in it," I reflected, as the ship shuddered, pitched, and we involuntarily began running down a toboggan slide, taking little timorous short steps. Then the deck flew up abruptly and caught the soles of our shoes before we were ready to put our feet down. "Alida," I said, "do you feel pale?"

There was no mistaking the tears in her eyes now. "There's nothing in it. There's nothing in anything," I muttered faintly. And I was right as far as it concerned the miserable passengers on the rolling steamer *Cambodia*.

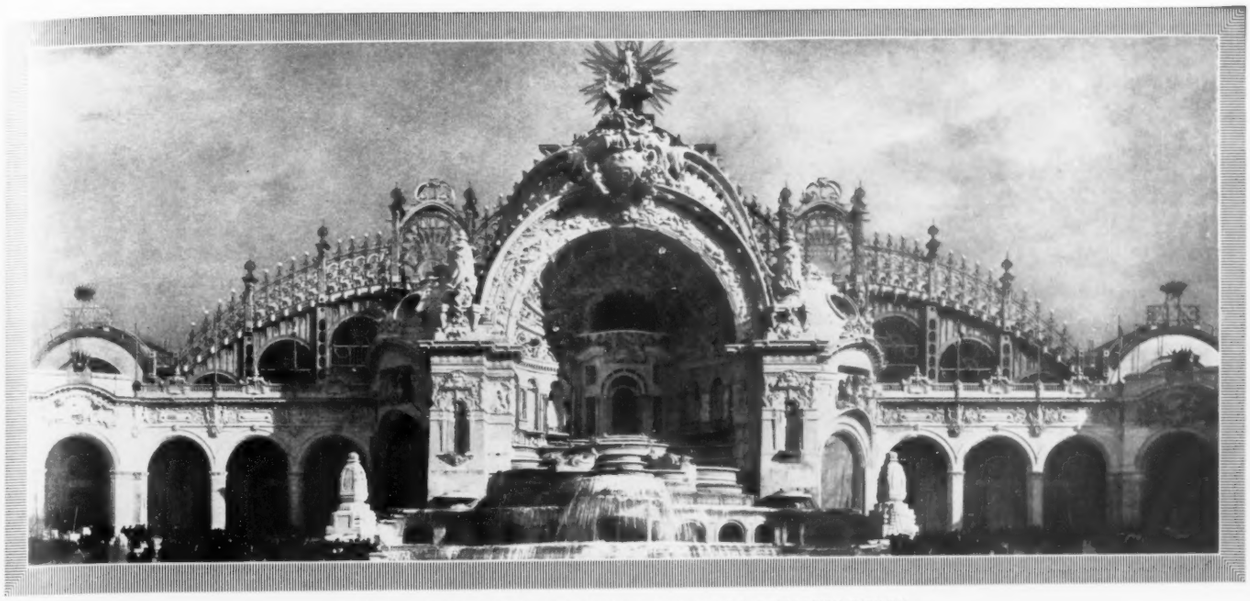


DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM

A Panorama of the Exposition Grounds

1 PALACE OF THE TROCADERO: COLONIAL EXHIBITS
2 NEW CALEDONIA
3 CAMBODIA
4 CONGO
5 INDO-CHINA
6 DAHOMEY
7 MOORISH ANDALUSIA
8 SENEGAL
9 SOUDAN
10 TUNIS
11 TONKIN
12 ALGERIA
13 BRITISH COLONIES
14 JAPAN
15 EGYPT
16 TRANSVAAL
17 CHINA
18 SIBERIA
19 MARITIME COMMERCE
20 OLD PARIS (RESTORATION)
21 CONGRESSES AND SOCIAL ECONOMY
22 HORTICULTURE AND ARBORICULTURE
23 LARGE PALACE OF FINE ARTS
24 SMALL PALACE OF FINE ARTS
25 PONT ALEXANDER III.
26 UNITED STATES
27 GREAT BRITAIN
28 GERMANY
29 MERCANTILE MARINE
30 PONT D'IENA
31 EIFFEL TOWER
32 MINES AND METALLURGY
33 TEXTILE FABRICS
34 TRANSPORTATION
35 EDUCATION
36 LETTERS, SCIENCES AND DEPARTMENT OF ARTS
37 FORESTRY AND FISH CULTURE
38 CHAMP DE MARS

ON THE SEINE, BETWEEN 26 AND 29, ARE THE PAVILIONS OF AUSTRIA, BELGIUM, BULGARIA, SPAIN, FINLAND, GREECE, HUNGARY, ITALY, LUXEMBURG, MEXICO, MONACO, NORWAY, PERU, PERSIA, PORTUGAL, ROUMANIA, SERVIA, SWEDEN, TURKEY, AND A NUMBER OF MINOR EXHIBITS



THE CHATEAU D'EAU—ONE OF THE DECORATIVE FEATURES OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

THE TROCADERO PALACE AND THE COLONIAL EXHIBITS, VIEWED FROM EIFFEL TOWER

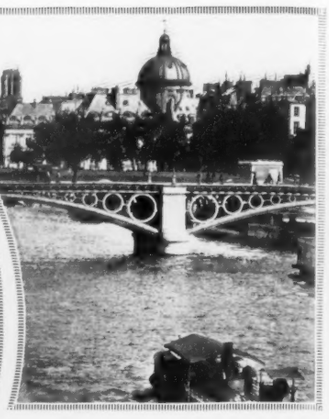
GREETING TO PRESIDENT LOUBET

PANORAMA OF ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE AND THE CHIEF APPROACHES TO THE STREET OF NATIONS

SOME WONDERFUL ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

CASCADE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

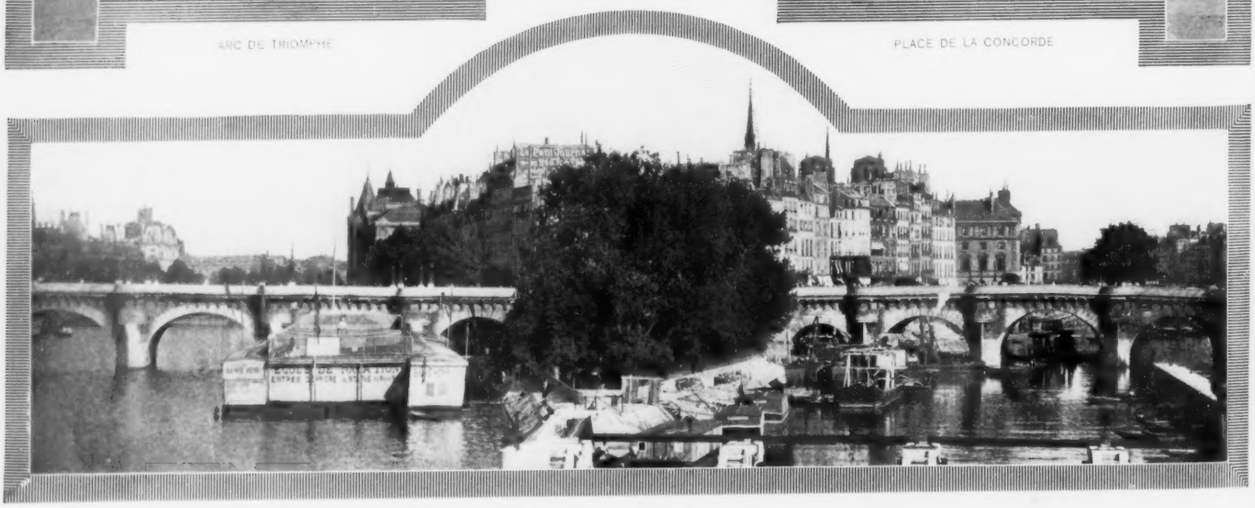
TROCADERO PALACE



TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME, INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

ARC DE TRIOMPHE

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



ISLAND OF SAINT LOUIS AND THE SEINE RIVER

HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL) AND PONT NARCOLE

PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE

SOME FAMOUS PLACES IN THE FRENCH METROPOLIS

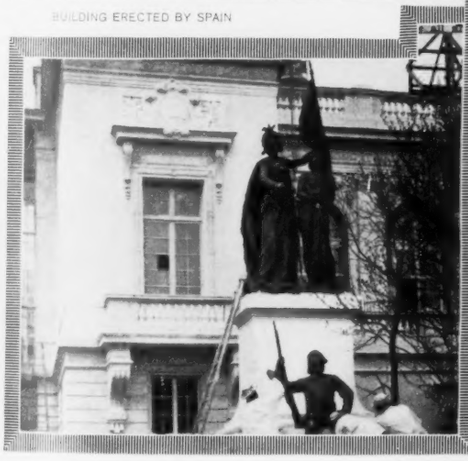
...NG BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, V. GRIBAYEDOFF

MONACO, SWEDEN, GREECE, AND SERVIA

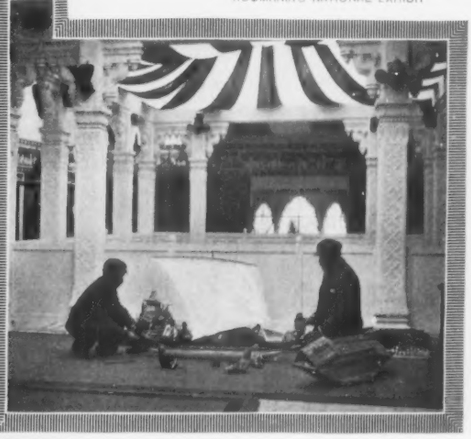
ITALY'S PAVILION, WITH SECTION OF THE TURKISH

BUILDING ERECTED BY SPAIN

ROUMANIA'S NATIONAL EXHIBIT



...COMMEMORATING THE CONQUEST OF MADAGASCAR

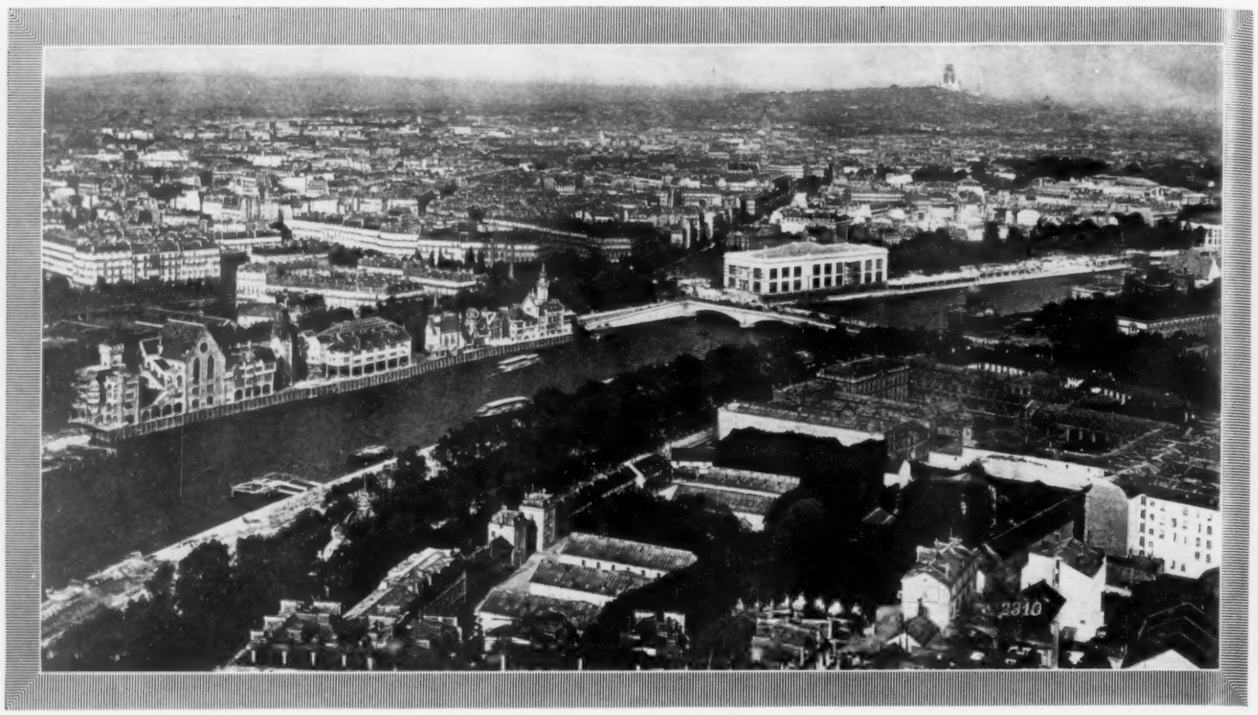


CEYLONESE MECHANICS AT WORK IN THEIR BUILDING

...AVILIONS DEDICATED TO AUSTRIA AND TO BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

GREAT BRITAIN AS REPRESENTED IN THE STREET OF NATIONS

THE PAVILIONS OF NATIONS AND THE FAMOUS STATUE OF THE "MODERN PARISIENNE"



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS AND THE EXPOSITION FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER. THE NEW CHURCH ON MONTMARTRE IS SHOWN IN THE TOP RIGHT HAND OF PICTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE LOCATED THE MORE IMPORTANT AMUSEMENT CONCESSIONS AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES OF THE EXPOSITION. ON THE FURTHER BANK OF THE SEINE IS "OLD PARIS." BEYOND L'ALMA BRIDGE IS THE HALL OF CONGRESSES AND SOCIAL ECONOMICS

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT PARIS

BY THOMAS WILBUR CRIDLER, THIRD ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE

THE ACTION of Congress in making appropriations for the participation of the Government of the United States at the International Exposition to be held at Paris from April 15 to November 5, 1900, is most commendable. The total amount granted for all purposes is one million four hundred thousand dollars ($1,400,000).

This sum will undoubtedly accomplish a great work for the benefit of our people, our commerce and our country. We are informed by the Commissioner-General of the United States that there will be in the American sections at Paris over seven thousand exhibitors, representing every State in the Union, which is many times greater than our total exhibit at Vienna in 1873, at Paris in 1878 and 1889. Moreover, it is twice the number of exhibitors that represented the Republic of France at our own Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. There, it must be remembered, all the foreign countries were comparatively unrestricted as to space for the appropriate display of the arts, sciences and manufactures of those countries; whereas at Paris, owing to the limited space for the whole exposition, including the beautiful and historical park of Vincennes, the nations of the world to be represented at Paris in 1900 have necessarily been compelled to accept a much less area than seemed at first sufficient for the display of their exhibit. This, unquestionably, has been true of the United States. While there has been every reasonable disposition on the part of the Government of France to meet the wishes of those who have represented the United States as Special Commissioner or Commissioner-General, yet I know from personal knowledge that it has not been possible to accede to the demands, which embraced only the actual necessities of the case from our national standpoint, for space in which to install our exhibit. The awarding of space has been a problem from the beginning for the French Exposition authorities, and in their desire to be as nearly impartial and equitable as they could in their allotments, they have endeavored to recognize the extent and greatness of this country as well as its legitimate requests for a proper and suitable proportion of space. The specific allotments of space in the main Exposition grounds, situated in the heart of beautiful Paris, approximates nearly two hundred and eleven thousand square feet. This is exclusive of course of the proportion of space granted to the Government of the United States in the park at Vincennes, which will necessarily become a most attractive part, being well located and readily accessible to Paris and the Exposition proper.

The directions of Congress as to the Government exhibit may be summed up in a few words. The Secretary of Agriculture was authorized to prepare suitable exhibits of agricultural products of the States and Territories of the United States; the Commissioner of Fisheries, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and the heads of Departments were likewise authorized to prepare exhibits—all to be under the direction and control of the Commissioner-General of the United States.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The Bureau of Statistics has had prepared specially bound copies of reports of commerce and navigation; of the monthly summary of commerce and finance; special volumes of the various monographs issued by the Bureau, which will include current topics, such as colonies of the world, commerce of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and other interesting statistical data.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing will exhibit three large and two small frames containing specimens of notes, bonds, certificates, postal and revenue stamps and other engraved work executed by that Bureau. The samples of notes, bonds and the like represent some of the latest and most artistic work entering into the designing, engraving and printing of United States securities. The display when properly exposed will constitute a beautiful and attractive exhibit.

The Bureau of the Mint has furnished a duplicate set of proof coins complete. One set of mint medals, manufactured for the occasion, consists of two hundred and ninety-two pieces. With proper spacing it is estimated these medals will occupy forty-two square feet. Two Lafayette dollars and two dies are among this interesting collection. It is estimated that the total floor space required to accommodate the Treasury Department exhibit alone will be one hundred and eighty-two square feet and two hundred and ninety-three feet of wall space.

WAR DEPARTMENT

The exhibit of the War Department consists principally of reports, blank forms and laws relating to the work of that Department, including, in certain instances, photographs from the office of the Chief of Engineers and from the Chief Signal Officer showing the field operations in the Philippines.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

This Department will have a most complete and thorough exhibit of all that pertains to the postal service of the United States. Among the interesting exhibit will be a collection of United States mail bags and pouches, mail locks and post marking stamps in use since 1800, as well as photographs of various devices for delivering and receiving mail from moving trains.

A model post-office consisting of complete outfit of boxes, fixtures and furniture and every other accessory going to show the working of such service.

The methods of mail transportation employed in the United States will be fully illustrated by models, photographs and paintings. This collection will contain, among other things, lay figures of letter carriers uniformed and equipped; a perfect working model of a United States postal car, one-sixth of the size of a regular sixty-foot car, showing every detail of the equipment and interior arrangement of the full-sized car; mounted mail carrier, typical of the service on the Western plains and of the famous "Pony Express"; pneumatic mail carriers, similar to those in use in the pneumatic tube mail service in our larger cities; an old Rocky Mountain mail coach, a historical exhibit, in use in Montana for several years, having carried as passengers President Garfield and General Sherman, and having been the object of numerous attacks by the Indians; lay figure of an Indian mail carrier driving three dogs hitched tandem to a toboggan, typical of the service on the northern frontier in mid-winter.

The Historical collection will contain a large painting showing "progress of the postal service in the United States." This picture shows the mounted letter carrier of one hundred years ago and the fast mail train of to-day; pictures of first small frame buildings used as post-offices in several of the larger cities as compared to the buildings by which they have been replaced. These strikingly illustrate our growth and development. Other interesting historical data compose this collection.

A complete collection of United States stamps from their introduction in 1847 to the present date has been prepared. This collection contains not only every stamp that has been issued by the United States, but also the varieties of color, printing, perforation, embossing and paper. I am told that the United States stamps are considered by collectors, of whom there are many thousands, to be greatly superior in design and execution to those issued by any other country. A complete collection of the postal maps will be shown, as well as statistics of the postal service of the United States, disclosing the magnitude of the service in this country as compared with that of the leading European countries. It is not to be doubted that this will show a most favorable comparison for the United States.

The Dead Letter collection will show a variety of articles that have found their way to the Dead Letter Office, either because they were misdirected or because they were prohibited by postal regulations from the mails. Many curious articles are contained in this collection, such as explosive bombs, deadly weapons, poisonous liquids, reptiles and insects, agricultural implements and the like.

NAVY DEPARTMENT

The Bureau of Navigation has gathered together a most interesting and exhaustive exhibit, illustrating the steel ship construction at the various navy yards in this country, including the latest type of battleship and other mechanical models of our ships of war.

To give this exhibit in detail is not possible, but I may assure the visitor in Paris that he will be readily repaid for a careful and minute study of all that has been collected by this Bureau.

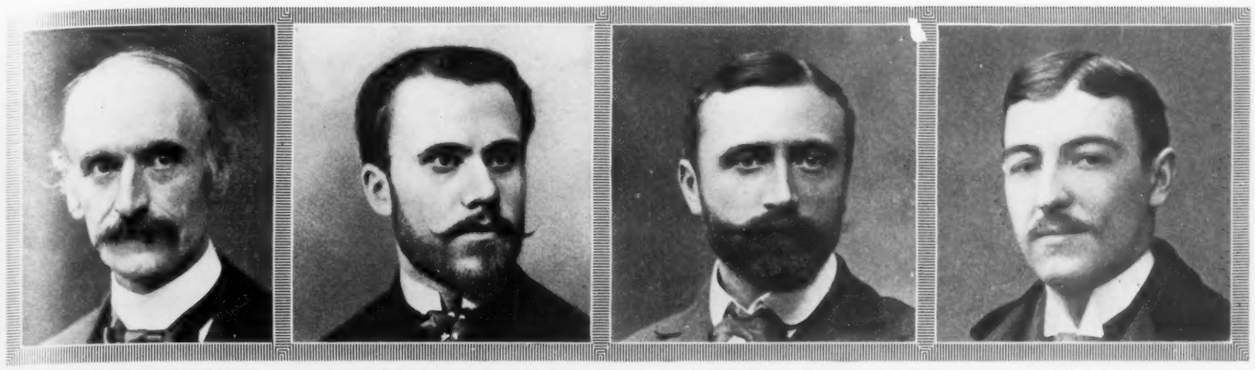
The Bureau of Equipment has also made a wonderful and interesting collection that cannot be described but which will deserve careful study by those interested in such matters.

The Bureau of Construction and Repair has furnished perhaps the most interesting feature of the Navy Department exhibit. It has sent the beautiful models, which many thousands of our own people who have visited the Navy Department in Washington have greatly admired, because of their exquisite workmanship and beauty. These models comprise the *Annapolis*, *Boston* and class; *Helena* and class; *Nashville*, *Monitor*, *Texas*, *Yorktown* and class; *Charleston*, *Petrel*, *Monterey*, *Olympia*, *Kearsarge*, *Katahdin*, *Wheeling* and class; *Vesuvius*, *Maine*, *Alabama* and class; *Newark* and *Bancroft*. From Philadelphia we find the *Indiana* and class; *Iowa*, *Columbia*, *New York* and *Baltimore*. The Washington Navy Yard furnishes half model *Ohio*, half model *Washington*, sets of the United States Navy, medals voted to naval officers, life buoy, Hichborn turret and case, diving apparatus, dry dock and caisson, and blue prints. Besides these it has also sent profile, cross-section and deck plans of a battleship, a monitor, torpedo-boat destroyer and torpedo boat.

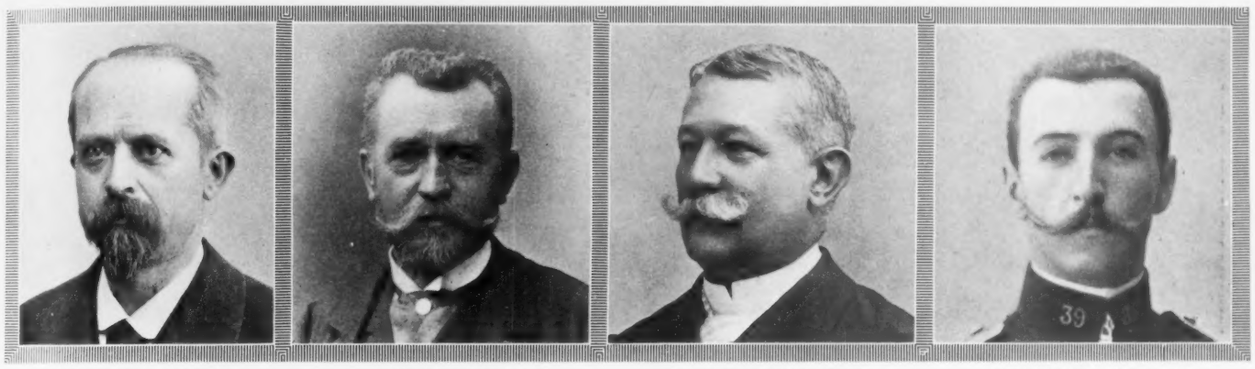
The Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has prepared a typical exhibit, and the Bureau of Ordnance one hundred cutlasses and one hundred sword bayonets. The Marine Corps contributes a set of accoutrements and uniforms of that corps.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

As an Executive Department, the Interior will have no exhibit, but several of its bureaus have prepared one showing the general features of each. For example, the Bureau of Education, the Indian Office, and the Geological Survey have furnished, at the instance of the Commissioner-General, books, maps, charts, photographs and manuscripts, all more or less handsomely bound or framed.



M. PICARD, COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE EXPOSITION — M. POINCARE, FORMER MINISTER OF FINE ARTS AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION — M. CHARDON, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE EXPOSITION — M. CARNOT, ENGINEER ASSISTING M. PICARD



M. LEPINE, PREFECT OF POLICE OF PARIS — M. BOUVARD, AT THE HEAD OF THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT — M. DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE, CHIEF OF THE PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT — CAPTAIN CARNOT, DETAILED TO ATTEND UPON FOREIGN NOTABILITIES

PROMINENT CITIZENS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN CHARGE OF EXPOSITION DEPARTMENTS

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

The exhibit of the Division of Entomology is classified into seven main groups, each of which will be found exceedingly interesting for the student of insect life in relation to its destructive property as applied to agriculture and especially vine growing. A series of specimens illustrating the insect enemies in North America of the following crops, has been prepared: Sugar beet, garden and truck crops, strawberry and blackberry, sweet potato and tomato, tobacco, apple, small grains, stored grain and cotton.

The exhibit of the Bureau of Animal Industry is in charge of Major Henry E. Alvord, Chief of the Dairy Division, and will include samples of all animal products found in the commerce of this country; various forms of apparatus used in the manufacture of animal products, especially of products of the dairy, and a large number of maps, charts and photographs, illustrating the extent of the animal industries of the United States, and showing some of the largest plants and their methods of work. In some cases, the same kind of article is shown by several exhibitors.

The entries include the following:

Fresh beef, fresh mutton, fresh pork, preserved meats, canned meats and food products, sausages, smoked meats, hams, bacon, lard, sliced smoked beef, potted meats, boned and potted ham, potted chicken, potted turkey, canned sliced bacon, canned sliced beef, canned sliced ham, soups, extracts of beef, bouillon capsules and other specialties, gelatins, dressed and canned poultry, frozen eggs, crystallized eggs, egg oil and other egg products, edible animal fats and oils, creamery and dairy butter in various forms, as, solid packed in tubs or boxes for export and home trade, prints and small "family" packages, and in hermetically sealed tins for trade in the tropics, cheese, regular factory cheese and numerous kinds of fancy cheese, milk in glass jars as used in retail trade, modified milk for infant feeding, cream, natural and evaporated and condensed milk, sweetened and unsweetened, in various styles and packages. An attractive feature of the exhibition of the Bureau will be an immense hexagonal refrigerator, revolving on its vertical axis. It will be kept filled with fresh supplies of meats and dairy products, which are to be sent from this country at frequent intervals throughout the season. Committees have been appointed in some of the dairy States to arrange for the exhibit of dairy products from their respective States, and they will work in connection with the Dairy Division, whose duty it will be to see that all parts of the country are properly represented.

The processes of manufacturing animal products will be illustrated by miniature models of a complete packing-house and typical modern creamery. The packing-house will be in full operation, and visitors may see the cattle as they arrive in the trains on one side of the building, can follow them through the various stages of preparation for shipment to the loading of the dressed beef into refrigerator cars on the opposite side from where the cattle were received. The creamery will also be a working model, and, although milk will not be actually passing through the separators, the various forms of apparatus can be put in motion when desired.

There will be a large number of charts showing the distribution of various kinds of live stock in the United States and the growth of the different branches of animal industry; also many photographs, exterior and interior views, of the largest and best conducted packing-houses and dairy plants.

The methods of inspecting meats followed by the Bureau of Animal Industry, and samples of the official stamps placed on packages of inspected and approved meats, will be shown.

The exhibit will include a number of the principal by-products in the packing and dairy industries, as fertilizers, dried curd, milk sugar, etc.

The collection of the Division of Chemistry embraces exhibits under the head of agriculture—food-stuffs, wines and brandies, distilled spirits, and various beverages—all to be exhibited under the class to which each belongs. The manufacturing establishments and the process of manufacturing the various products to be shown in detail under these several classes are fully illustrated by a collection of photographs. In the above summary each exhibit consists of several packages of the particular goods displayed. In the case of beverages, none of the exhibits is less than two dozen bottles.

The exhibit of animal foods collected by the Chief of the Division of Agrostology, contains about four hundred separate entries of seeds and plants of native and introduced grass and forage crops, baled hay, and other products of these plants, and the various manufactured food-stuffs produced in this country. Of this material the Division of Agrostology contributed exhibits of the seed of twenty-five of the more important varieties of our native grass and forage crops, and twenty-three panels containing from one to six varieties each of the most valuable grass and forage crops, showing samples of the plants, their seeds and other products. In addition, there has been gathered together an exhibit of two hundred and sixty-two photographs illustrating the habit of growth of the various grass and forage crops, the method of growing, harvesting, and utilizing them, and other points connected with the production of food of animals in the United States.

The Weather Bureau exhibit embraces the following:

An exhibit of meteorological apparatus installed on the roof of a special building constructed for use of the United States Weather Bureau, the instruments, etc., being in electrical connection with recording apparatus located on the main floor of the building; all instruments in actual operation as used at stations of the Weather Bureau.

An exhibit showing a complete equipment of standard types of meteorological instruments, arranged to illustrate their action.

An exhibit of aërial apparatus, comprising complete appliances employed by the Weather Bureau in making aërial investigations by means of kites.

A complete exhibit of forecasting processes, from the taking of the preliminary observations at stations to the finished weather map and forecasts.

An exhibit of signal flags, lanterns, etc., as employed by the United States Weather Bureau in giving warnings of weather, storms and hurricanes.

A collection of climatic and meteorological charts, maps, photographs, etc., illustrating typical North American meteorological phenomena.

The Horticultural exhibit collected by the Division of Pomology will be found interesting and instructive. This exhibit is designed as an educational feature and a commercial factor. It is intended to instruct foreign countries with regard to our exports. There are finer fruits in this country than have yet found a way to the fruit stands of European cities. As the surplus product of fruit in the United States is large, and as there is a continuous growing demand for it abroad, the exhibit is designed to show varieties of fruit, what they look like and how they taste; in short, to make the importing countries thoroughly familiar with our horticultural products.

The Division of Statistics has sent a magnificent exhibit of raw cotton in which every important section of the Cotton Belt is represented, even far-off Utah having been drawn upon for samples of cotton grown by irrigation on a commercial scale in the heart of the arid region.

The exhibit contains over six hundred samples, of which four hundred and forty-eight are classified according to locality of production. All standard varieties are represented in this series, as are many new varieties not yet fully established in public favor. The commercial series consists of ninety-six samples, graded not according to variety, but to their classification in the Liverpool market. The average type series consists of twenty-four samples, each typical of some important section of the Cotton Belt. One of the most interesting features of the exhibit is a sub-collection of thirty-six samples of the Sea Island Cotton. It may be safely added that the entire exhibit constitutes the finest assemblage of raw cotton ever brought together, and illustrates, as has never before been attempted, the varied capabilities of our far extending Cotton Belt.

UNITED STATES COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES

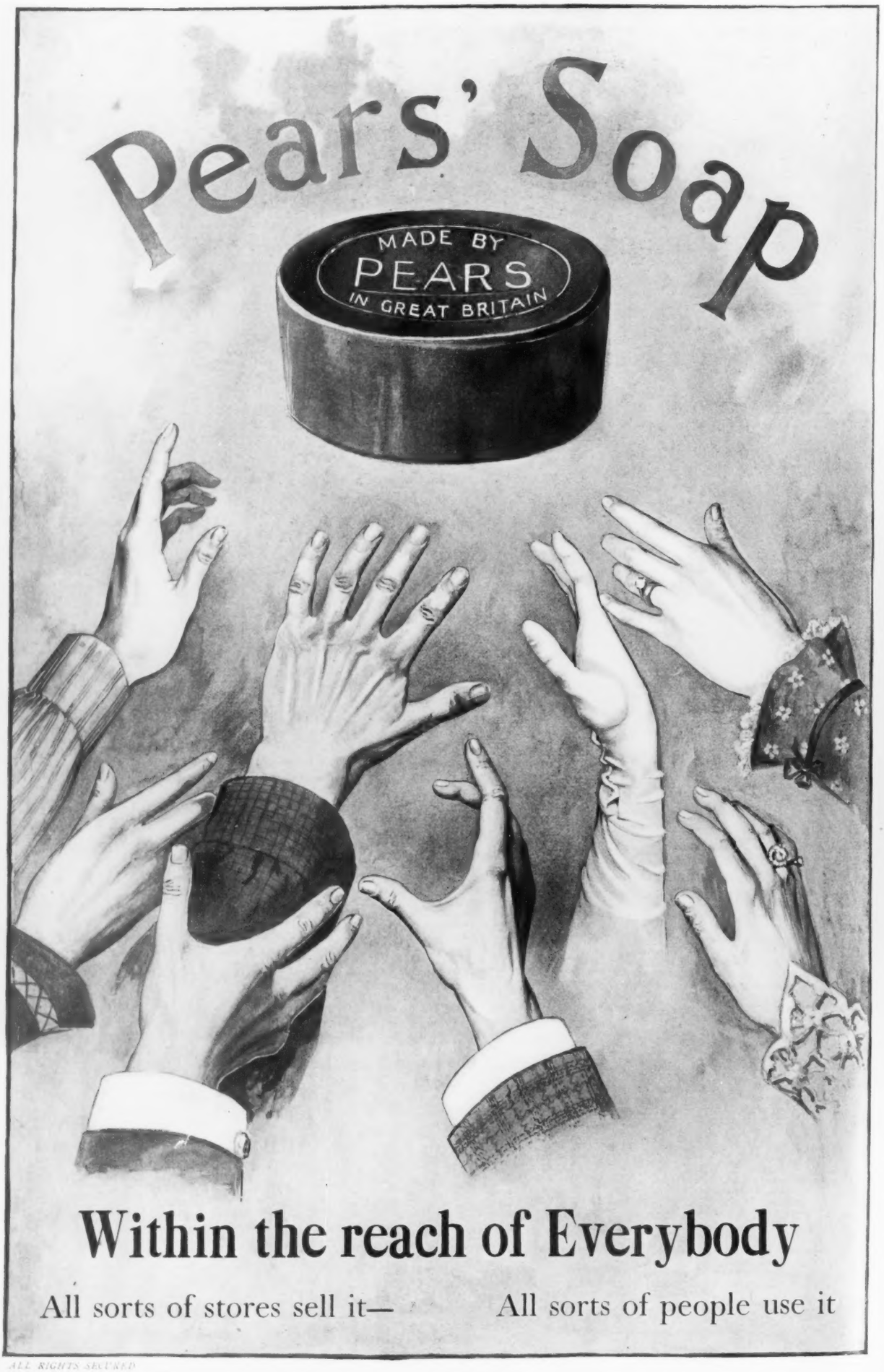
This exhibit contains a model of a railway car for transportation of fish, eggs and the like; forty flexible casts of fishes; model of fish hatchery and a complete collection of fish cultural apparatus; fishery pictures from many of our cities and towns, showing the stations, hatchery, residence and rearing ponds, including photographs of fishery section; mollusks of all varieties. Another interesting feature is the exhibit illustrating the Mussel Fishery and Pearl Button Industry of the Mississippi Valley. These industries are shown by numerous specimens which will attract universal interest and commendation. A vast collection of colored drawings of fishes and photographs of fish food products have been added to this collection, while the Florida commercial sponges, comprising forty-two varieties, form an interesting feature which will deserve careful inspection.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

The exhibit under this head contains a carefully prepared list of electrical objects withdrawn from the collections in the National Museum. These will be found of great interest to the scientist and the inventor. If space would permit I should be glad to enumerate them, but I do counsel those who are interested in this branch of invention and manufacture to study the display of these articles. They will be amply rewarded for the time spent and investigation made. The whole exhibit is most complete and interesting.

Neither the Department of State nor the Department of Justice has sent to Paris for exhibition thereat, as contemplated by the sundry civil act approved July 1, 1898, any articles in the possession of either.

It would seem that the Government exhibit will play no unimportant part at Paris, tending to show, as it will, the history, growth, extent and ability of the United States. This exhibit and the substantially greater one from our citizens, cannot but increase the importance of our nation and show to the world at large, whose people will congregate at Paris between April and November, 1900, every phase of our industrial, agricultural and mineral wealth. Such a display must necessarily redound to the material benefit of our people and nation. Hence, I conjecture, the good that will flow from our representation at Paris cannot be overestimated; our general trade relations will be essentially promoted; our manufacturer and producer will be benefited, and our commerce in every way materially advanced. Neither the people nor the Government of the United States has anything to fear from such a friendly competition; they both welcome it.



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20 Highest Awards at International Exhibitions

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. OTTAWAY, OTTAWA

SITE OF OTTAWA ELECTRIC COMPANY'S POWER-HOUSE

REMAINS OF McKAY MILLING COMPANY'S BUILDINGS

COURT-HOUSE AND POST-OFFICE, HULL

WELLINGTON STREET PUBLIC SCHOOL, OTTAWA

OTTAWA IN FLAMES, ON LEFT BANK OF OTTAWA RIVER

HULL BURNING, ON RIGHT BANK OF OTTAWA RIVER

THE RECENT GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT THE CANADIAN CAPITAL: LOSS, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

THE OTTAWA FIRE

THE TERRIBLE FIRE which destroyed three-fifths of the City of Hull, Quebec, and a large section of the City of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, on the opposite bank of the Ottawa River, on April 27th, was without exception the worst in the history of Canada. The nearest parallel to it was the great fire in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1877, when nearly twenty thousand people were rendered homeless. The Ottawa fire was more disastrous owing to the fact that immense lumbering and manufacturing establishments have been destroyed, causing a loss from which the city will hardly recover for some years.

The leading industries of the two cities of Ottawa and Hull have been entirely wiped out. There were nineteen hundred houses destroyed in Ottawa and over four hundred in Hull. The loss will easily total fifteen million dollars, of which amount not more than forty-five per cent is covered by insurance. From fifteen to twenty thousand people are destitute and dependent on public charity for food and shelter. The fire broke out at twelve o'clock (noon) in a small frame house in Hull, and as the wind was blowing a gale of fifty miles an hour, it was only the work of a very few minutes until the whole of that part of the city facing on the Ottawa River was in flames. About two o'clock the great lumber yards of the Hull Lumber Company caught, and the flying embers, hurled with fearful velocity by the terrible gale, sent destruction across the river into the very heart of Ottawa's big industrial concerns. The McKay Milling Company's buildings, several of the electric power houses, the Baldwin Iron Works, the Dominion Carbide Works, the John R. Booth lumber yards, and scores of other establishments were soon a seething mass of flames. The firemen worked under tremendous difficulties with no effect. The high wind carried the cinders great distances, fires breaking out in several residential sections half a mile away. Once the old frame houses—for which the Chaudière flats were notorious—caught, the progress of the flames was irresistible. For hours the fire demon raged, and it was long past midnight before the firemen were able to keep it confined within the area devastated.

The area burned in Ottawa extended two and a half miles from north to south, with an average width of a quarter of a mile from east to west.

Among the heaviest losers was the E. B. Eddy Company, one of the largest manufacturers of paper, pulp, tubs, pails, matches, etc., in the world. The loss was over $1,500,000. The great lumber merchants also suffered severely.

John R. Booth, of continental reputation, lost $1,500,000 in lumber; the Export Lumber Company lost $900,000, the Bronson-Weston Company $250,000, and several others proportionately large amounts. The Canadian Pacific Railway station and freight sheds were gutted, which, with large quantities of freight, entailed a loss of $300,000. The Ottawa Investment Company lost heavily. Its losses included the Canadian Graphite Company, Victoria Foundry, Ottawa Paper Mills, and Ottawa Saw Works. The loss will total $100,000 with insurance of $30,000. The Ottawa Electric Railway Company lost fully $200,000. The insurance will not exceed $80,000.

The insurance companies are sustaining a heavy blow, but as nearly all the large risks were covered by English companies, the local firms will probably be able to meet all claims. What was once a scene of industrial activity, and of hundreds of happy homes, is now as bare as though swept by a forest fire.

The English-speaking world has been greatly touched by the awful calamity, and from the Queen upon the throne of England down to the obscurest citizens of her domains, come messages of sympathy and offers of help. Within thirty-six hours after the fire nearly $300,000 had been subscribed as a relief fund. The homeless are sheltered in drill halls, gymnasiums, factories and every available place suitable for the purpose. Relief committees worked day and night to succor the needy, and so far as learned every one in want was cared for.

The death roll was comparatively small, owing no doubt to the fire happening in the daytime. Fortunately only five deaths have been reported—two persons being burned and three suffocated.

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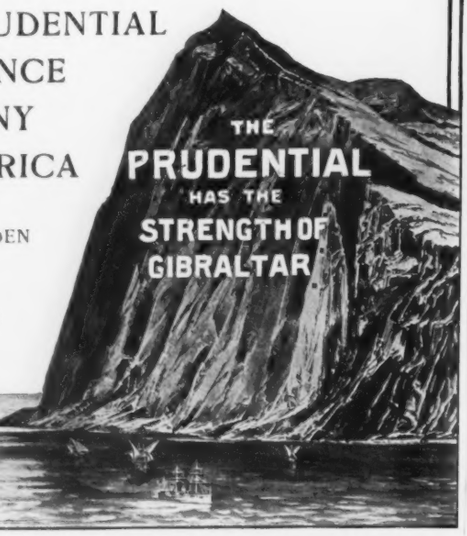

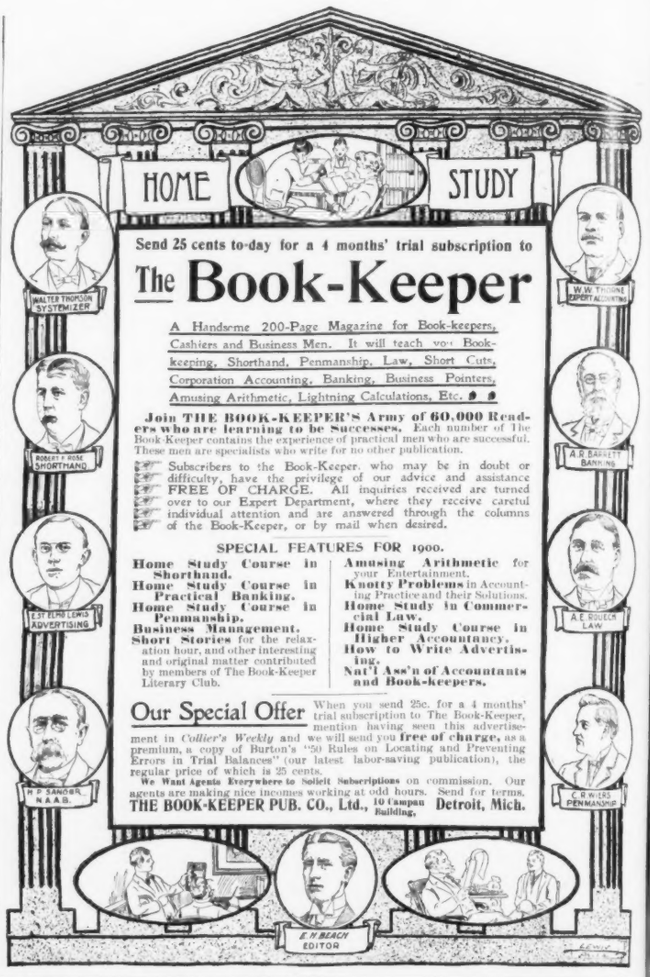

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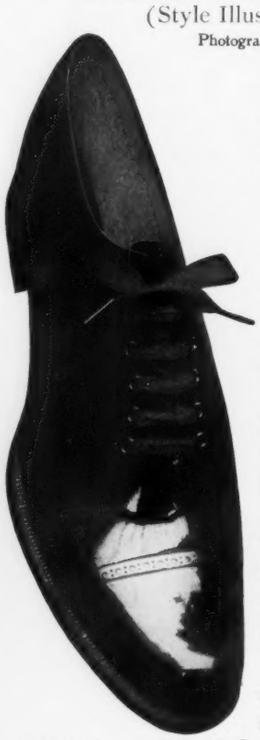

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The Blind Piano Tuner

By MARCEL PREVOST

Author of "Lettres de Femmes," "Le Scorpion," "Le Jardin Secret," etc., etc.

TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE DUER ❧ ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I

IT IS NOW some years ago since I received, while in Paris, news of the death of an old relation, who, during her lifetime, had always inhabited the same house in the province of Lot and Garonne, in the neighborhood of Nérac. This house, which was picturesquely situated upon a hill overlooking the river Baise, brought to my mind many pleasant memories, and I meditated a long time over the letter of Néraquais, the lawyer, which announced both the death of my Aunt Rosalie and the fact that she had made me her heir. I saw again the square building, with its tiled roof and its red shutters; its terrace, ornamented with two magnolias; the farmhouse near by, the oak woods, the fields of wheat, and the vineyards.

What pleasant holidays I had spent there in the days when I was studying at Bordeaux! And how this same Aunt Rosalie, an old maiden lady—a little meddlesome, a little foolish, perhaps, but most affectionate and generous—had done her best to spoil the schoolboy who came to her for his vacations. Alas! my memories were tinged with regret. Upon leaving school I had forsaken Aunt Rosalie and the Dove-cot—for so they called the house.

Once only, in twenty years, had I returned there, and then but for a few hours; and this single visit had taken place eight years ago. This, however, had not prevented poor Aunt Rosalie from remembering me to the end, and leaving me her modest belongings—which consisted, above all, of the house called the Dove-cot, with the thirty acres of good ground which surrounded it.

When I had meditated long enough upon the alarming flight of years, when I had consoled myself enough with the bitter-sweet of my remorse, I was seized with the desire to revisit Lot and Garonne, the river Baise and the old house with the red shutters.

We were in the last days of September, the sweetest of all seasons in the Gascon country, where the summer heats are insupportable. Paris, where the rehearsals of a play had detained me, had become wearisome. I left it that very evening, and the next morning, at six o'clock, I made my way into the courtyard of the Dove-cot, welcomed by the uneasy cackle of the hens and the clamorous patois of Irma, Aunt Rosalie's octogenarian maidservant, who had survived her mistress, and who almost wept for joy at the thought that I intended to install myself now and forever in the place left vacant by the dead lady.

I did not at once undeceive her. And, really, in spite of the almost absolute solitude in which I found myself, the first few days passed pleasantly enough for me at the Dove-cot. I felt so surrounded by the memories of my happy childhood. I experienced that sort of egotistical tenderness, precious to the soul of the artist, which the contemplation of our childish personality evokes from our later years. And then, with the impetuosity of the Parisian, who has once been a countryman, I threw myself into the work of reorganizing the affairs of the Dove-cot, which had been a little neglected during the last few years. The phylloxera (vine grub) had destroyed the vines; nothing remained where once, as a boyish marauder, I had revelled among the purple grapes, but twisted and blackened stalks, looking as if swept by fire. I planned, with the cooperation of Irma, an entire scheme for the reconstruction of the vineyard. During my meals, Irma, while waiting upon the table, gossiped confidentially with me. In the evenings I rummaged in the library of the Dove-cot, which contained some excellent books of the last century. I went to bed early and I rose early.

At the end of the first week, however, I began to feel a little bored. The constant tête-à-tête with myself weighed upon me. If I could have returned to Paris I should have hastened to do so, but I was caught in my own machinery; the work which I had started demanded my presence, at least for a fortnight more, before I could leave the direction to an agent, and the agent himself was not yet chosen. It only remained for me to find some occupation for the leisure hours of my solitude—the time when the work of the country is forgotten, arrested: a time which comes early in autumn.

I wandered about then in Aunt Rosalie's old drawing-room, so quaintly furnished in the style of Louis Philippe, with its mahogany armchairs upholstered in red velvet, its alabaster clocks, its romantic engravings; I discovered a piano, also in mahogany, which filled all the panel beside the chimney-piece. It was an old Pleyel, of a most superannuated model, in the shape of a rectangular box, mounted upon two upright x's; a [illegible] between the two x's supported the pedals. On a strip of yellow ivory inside the piano could be read the name of "Ignace Pleyel, Maker to the King; Gold Medal in 1834." The piano thus told its age, or very nearly: it had been made between 1834 and the revolution of '48, after which nobody in France was ever "Maker to the King."

I touched the keys. Alas! my poor piano was almost dumb, and the few notes which sounded at all sounded abominably false. Aunt Rosalie had certainly not played upon the instrument for twenty years, nor in all that time could it have been tuned. However, upon opening the case and examining the strings and hammers, it seemed to me that the evil was not irreparable. The cords were broken, the hammers bent, but no essential part was missing. And the lasting qualities of these excellent old works did credit to the illustrious name of Ignace Pleyel.

I called Irma.

"Irma, do you know of any one in the country here who can tune pianos?"

"Certainly I do, sir. There is Monsieur Saint-Yves, who tunes the pianos of all the great houses in the neighborhood. He is a great man. Yes, indeed! a musician the like of whom you will not easily find in Paris. They wanted him to go to Paris; indeed, they offered him his weight in gold to go. But he never would leave the country. And he is blind, too. He lives at Buzet, about four miles from here."

(General rule: Whenever the worthy Irma recommends any one, even the humblest tradesman, she adds to his account a quantity of eulogistic exaggerations, or, at the least, one or two improbable stories. . . But is it not the universal custom in this delicious and fantastic country of Gascony?)

For my own part, I made some mental reservations as to the extraordinary talent of "Monsieur Saint-Yves," and the greater or less definitiveness of the propositions made to him in the name of the Capital.

"After all," thought I, "it does not take an extraordinary artist to tune an old Pleyel. My piano cannot differ very greatly from most of the pianos in the neighborhood to whom this tuner is the general physician."

And I begged Irma to send word to Monsieur Saint-Yves—through the medium of the baker, who kindly undertook our commissions—that we were in need of his talents at the Dove-cot.

II

HE arrived the next day, a little before nightfall, and I saw, descending from the baker's wagon, assisted by the baker himself, a man of uncertain age and medium height, thin, rather round-shouldered, dressed entirely in decent black, and crowned with a straw hat. Irma and the baker took charge of the introduction, with the superabundance of words common to the country. The blind tuner took my hand, raising toward me his expressionless face, with the half-closed eyes and trembling eyelids: this face, from the dead-white smoothness of the skin and the almost too sharp regularity of the features, must have had, at one time, a certain originality and some beauty. Now it made one think of a much-used coin. The hair, still abundant, was black on the crown of the head, but turning gray at the temples. The cheeks and lips were hairless, which is not unusual in our country, where the Basque type appears from the mixture of the races.

Monsieur Saint-Yves, when I invited him to enter the house, simply held out to me two fingers of his right hand. I guided him as far as the little drawing-room, where I made him sit down. I offered him refreshment. At first he refused with all the Gascon politeness. But as I insisted, knowing that Aunt Rosalie had left some excellent bottles of Armagnac in her cellar, he ended by accepting, saying he would drink a little "with sugar and water." Irma brought what was necessary. The tuner mixed it for himself; he put in a little water, a great deal of sugar and not a small quantity of brandy. While he drank, meditatively, Irma favored me with a contraction of the eyelid, which evidently signified:

"The good man does not abhor the bottle."

Even while he drank, Saint-Yves seemed to be searching with his sightless eyes, or, rather, with his twitching face, for something particular in the room. He put down his glass, rose, and, feeling about him, guided himself cleverly until he reached the old Pleyel.

"I came here long ago," he said to me, smiling. "Oh, I was then still almost a child, but I had already been tuning several instruments here and there."

He felt for the keyboard, opened the piano with much dexterity, and began to take it to pieces. The twilight had begun to deepen, there were no lamps in the room, and it was a strange spectacle, the ghostly man in black, dissecting there, in the darkness, the melodious lungs of the fifty-year-old Pleyel.

I left him at his work, and did not see him again until the supper hour. I had had a place set for him opposite my own. It did not displease me to have a companion, and, besides, every human being, no matter how humble, is a world of mystery worthy of exciting the curiosity of a writer of books.

"Sir," said Saint-Yves to me, as he seated himself at table, "your piano is excellent, but I must have two full days to put it in good order for you."

"Take your own time," I replied. "There is a room for you in the house; I shall be delighted to keep you for two days at the Dove-cot."

The words let fall by Irma on the subject of the tuner's great talent, and the opportunity offered him at a certain period of his life to go to Paris, recurred to my memory. I tried to provoke the confidence of my guest by speaking to him of Paris, of wonderful concerts, of several pianists celebrated at the moment. All this was received by him with sovereign indifference. Saint-Yves appeared not even to know the names of the artists whom I mentioned. He shook his head and replied:

"Of course—of course. In Paris you have the very best that can be found."

And I was not able to draw anything further from him. In his turn he appeared to interest himself in my plan of restoring Aunt Rosalie's vineyards. He himself, he told me, owned two acres of vineland at Buzet, which he had replanted, and which had begun to yield a rich return. But some cryptogamic disease delayed the harvest. Upon this subject the worthy man was inexhaustible.

"Decidedly," thought I, "Irma has exaggerated as usual. The tuner is an idiot. I only hope he will not entirely ruin my Pleyel."

My opinion was not softened by breakfast-time the next morning. But that evening, when Irma, from the cellar of which she alone knew the secret recesses, produced two bottles of old claret, it seemed to me that Saint-Yves, after having done them full justice, spoke more willingly of music, and forgot for a time the cryptogamic diseases of the vine. He let himself go even to the point of asking me two or three questions about the last Wagner representations at the Opera in Paris.

"I have had in my hands the score of the 'Meistersinger,'" he said. "It is very beautiful, most beautiful. I wish I knew all the rest. But what can I do? In this benighted country I can get nothing. And then I ought to buy the scores arranged for the blind after Braille's method—and that is far beyond my means."

When we were smoking our cigars, as I poured out a third glass of Armagnac for the blind man, he began to talk of his childhood. It was the priest of Buzet—dead thirty years ago—who had taught him the elements of music. Born blind, the acquirement had been difficult, in spite of the excessive and imperative talent which the pupil had shown.

"From the time I understood what a piano was," continued Saint-Yves, "I very soon began to play well; and, as my memory for music was good, when a thing had been played for me once or twice I could play it in my turn, changing it very little. . . But I did change it always, in spite of myself. . . So that at twenty-five I was really a most extraordinary performer. I had gathered together all the popular airs of our country and I arranged them to suit my fancy. There were some people who liked that sort of thing."

"And now?" I asked.

"Oh, now, I never play any more, so to speak; or only as much as is necessary to try the pianos which I tune. All that is ended."

He stopped, and it seemed to me that an expression of melancholy spread over his face, ennobling and rejuvenating it at the same time. It was no more the old man busying himself with the mechanical taking to pieces of a stringed instrument, nor the petty landowner examining into the depredation of the phylloxera or the black-rot. It was the artist, remembering the blessed time when art had really occupied and enchanted his life. Had Irma told me the truth? Had this old man once been touched by the wing of glory?

It was impossible for me that evening to draw anything more from Monsieur Saint-Yves. The allusions which he had made to his musical past seemed to satisfy entirely his taste for confidences. He spoke no more, and only replied to my questions by the shortest and most indifferent sentences. At an early hour he requested permission to go to his room, saying he was tired. I also went to mine, as I was obliged to get up at daybreak the next morning to see the working of a new plow in the fields of a large estate in the neighborhood.

III

THIS excursion took me all the morning, and the gentleman whom I had gone to see absolutely insisted upon keeping me to "dinner," as they call the midday meal in Gascony. Appetite was sharpened by five hours spent in the open air; we eat and drank heartily. I questioned my host, a strong old man of sixty-five, with the heavy mustache of a grenadier, about the blind tuner who so much interested me. He sneered.

"Ah, Saint-Yves! . . Little Saint-Yves! . . I knew him when he was young, and when his cameo face and musical gift were turning the heads of all the women in the country houses. Is he alive still? It is a long time since I met him."

I should have liked further details, but my Amphitryon did not appear to know anything more. Saint-Yves had turned people's heads with his music. He stopped at that. Evidently he held Saint-Yves and his music in great contempt.

I returned to the Dove-cot toward three o'clock in the afternoon. The little house seemed asleep in the sunlight which was still very warm in spite of the late season. Following

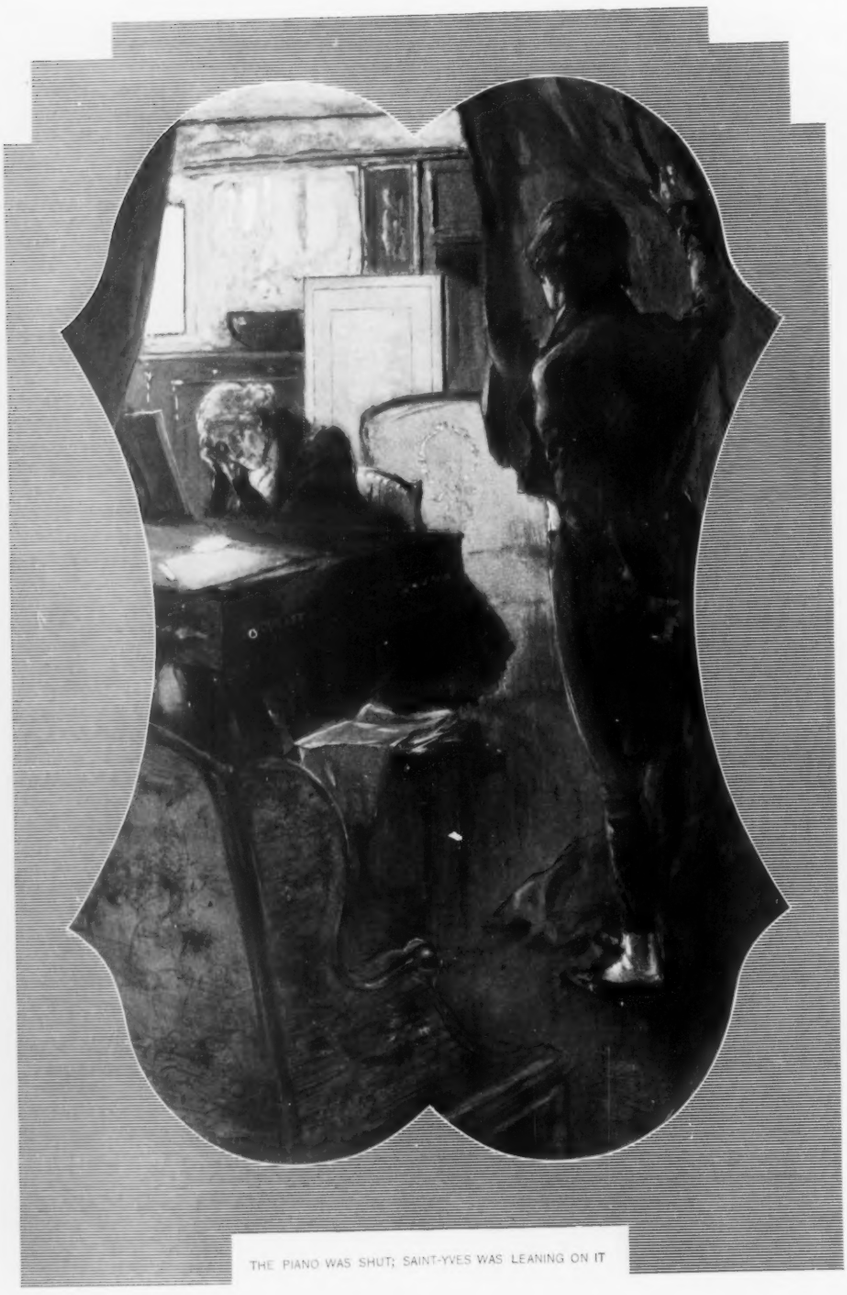
DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

In the "Café d

SCENE IN THE CAFÉ ANNEXED TO A FAMOUS VARIETY THEA

s de Ambassadeurs"

THEAT IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES, A RESORT DEAR TO ALL PARISIANS



THE PIANO WAS SHUT; SAINT-YVES WAS LEANING ON IT

the custom of the country, the red shutters were all closed, letting into the rooms through the slats only a fresh semi-darkness. As soon as the vehicle which had brought me turned away I entered the hall, and at once stood still in surprise. Softened by distance, and the intervening doors, a delicious melody stole from Aunt Rosalie's drawing-room and filled all the old house, vibrating through the still atmosphere. The harmony was composed of many familiar airs, mingled and intertwined, which I vaguely remembered to have sung myself in my childhood—the native airs of the Gascon country, but interpreted and arranged by a marvellous artist such as I had never listened to in all my life before. This, at least, was my first impression; perhaps the mysterious contrast of the dim coolness of the house with the dizziness of a day spent in the sun—the unexpectedness of the music itself—acted upon my nerves and exalted my sensibilities. Very softly, for fear of attracting the oversharp hearing of Saint-Yves, I approached the drawing-room with the step of a thief. I stopped in the next room, which happened to be the dining-room. I sat down on the first chair I could find and listened.

I have applauded masters like Diemer and Paderewski, playing before the best audiences in Paris, on chosen instruments made especially for them. I ask the pardon of these illustrious artists: neither of them has ever given me the sensation of intense joy in music which this hour brought me, when, from behind the closed door, I listened to an old, blind countryman playing to himself upon a fifty-year-old harpsichord. All the poetry of my country, of Gascony, awoke under his touch, melancholy and fierce by turns: the glory of sunny summers in the hay-making time, and the harvest, the revelry of the vintage, and the slow autumn that yellowed the leaves of the poplars, silvered the oaks and transformed the vines into an Eastern carpet of wonderful colors. I saw myself again in my careless childhood, spending the holidays with Aunt Rosalie; following the plow amid the flight of the startled birds, helping at the wheat-threshing, gathering the stolen grapes. . . I felt again the tender trouble of my first thoughts of love, when I was twenty years old, and they were sweeter and more touching than the early light of the morning. And all the sadness of life which flies, which flies so fast after one has passed thirty, all the disappointment of fulfilled desires, and the agony of desires unsatisfied—all this passed through my soul at the will of the melody which Saint-Yves played—all, even to the longing for everlasting rest in the bosom of death, which sometimes, in solitude, draws us so irresistibly from the uselessness, the falseness of life. . .

The piano had ceased for some time before I returned to the reality of things. When I rose from the chair in which I had been seated no sound could be heard from the door of the little drawing-room. I opened this door softly. An almost absolute darkness reigned in the place. I went to one of the windows and pushed open the shutter; a warm light streamed suddenly in. I then perceived the blind tuner seated at the piano. The piano was shut; Saint-Yves was leaning on it as upon a table, his face hidden in his hands, perfectly still. I approached him and touched him lightly on the shoulder, calling his name. He turned, alarmed for an instant, as though he had just been awakened.

"Ah, it is you—sir?" stammered he. "I did not expect you back so soon. . . Irma told me you would not return before nightfall."

"I was there," I replied; "near you, in the dining-room. For nearly an hour I have been listening to you. You are a great artist, Monsieur Saint-Yves."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a tone which was both uneasy and ill-content. "You were there? You listened? You should have warned me, really. . . You will not say that you heard me?" added he, coming toward me. "You will not tell any one, will you? I am no longer in the habit of playing. I always refuse. . . This time I truly believed myself alone in the house. I do not know what induced me to do it; I let myself go; but that hardly ever happens, I assure you."

He appeared to be excusing himself. His face had the expression of a child discovered in mischief. I felt that chance had placed my finger upon the fissure in this strange brain. I took the good man's two hands, which were awkwardly fingering the cloth of his black trousers.

"Come, Monsieur Saint-Yves," said I. "It is not worth while for you to trouble and agitate yourself because I can bear witness that you are a marvellous pianist. If you desire that the thing should remain a secret, or that it should be forgotten, do not be uneasy: I will say nothing. I do not live here. I have no relations with the people, and, besides, you have my word. But why did you refuse me your confidence at first? . . It was no vulgar curiosity which prompted me, I assure you. Above all, I should like to know for what strange reason you bury yourself in this benighted country, spending your life in the tuning of old harpsichords, when your talent as a composer and performer would secure you a most enviable place in Paris. Forgive me for asking you the question, but you moved me so strongly just now that I feel most gratefully and affectionately toward you. Is it not possible for me to help you in some way?"

He pressed my hands, turning his sightless eyes from the sun.

"You are very kind, sir," he said. "And I ask your pardon if I was not very gracious to you just now, when you came into the room. When my old ideals repossess me I am good for nothing for a time. They know it very well at home. . . If they see me lost in melancholy reflections they leave me alone. It is over very soon. Forgive me."

"Certainly I forgive you; but do you refuse my offer to make your talent known in Paris?"

He shook his head.

"Yes, sir, I refuse. They suggested it to me a long time ago, when I was a young, eager man, a true artist. I refused then. I could not accept now that I am a feeble old one, with half stiffened fingers; and, besides," added he in a lower voice, "I have promised."

"Promised what?"

"Promised never to leave the country."

He was silent for some seconds, then:

"Come, sir," he said, "I do not wish to be reserved with you, who have shown me so much hospitality. . . And, besides, you are a writer, they tell me, and you will understand things which the people here would not understand. . . You want to know my story? . . I will tell it to you in a few words. They say you write books. You can put in the adventure of the blind tuner, if you think it worth the trouble. I only ask you to change my name. Let us go out upon the terrace, if you will. This is the coolest moment of the day. We shall breathe more freely there, and I shall be surer of not being overheard by any one but you."

IV

When we had installed ourselves in two old armchairs under the shade of the magnolias, Saint-Yves began as follows:

"I was born at Buzet, in the house in which I now live, and which my parents left to me. They were poor people; manufacturers of cork stoppers. Their grief was very great when they found they had brought a blind child into the world. But they took care of me and loved me just the same. My mother, especially, loved me passionately, preferring me even to my elder sister, who was not blind, who has since married, and with whom I live at Buzet.

"It was the priest of our town, as I told you, who, having made me sing in the church, perceived that I had the gift of music. This holy man at once interested himself in me, and secured for me the interest of several rich ladies in the neighborhood. I was given lessons in harmony. I was taught the trade of a tuner that I might gain a livelihood. They procured for me pieces written for the blind, after Braille's method. I was not a very good pupil until I reached my sixteenth year. In spite of my infirmity I was light-hearted and liked amusement. I was fond of the society of young people of my own age. When I was sixteen my mother died. I was filled with the greatest sorrow, and all companionship became odious to me. Nothing soothed me but to be alone with my piano. I told my grief to it, and it seemed to reply to me with the voice of her sweet departed soul. . . . Then only, little by little, I became truly an artist. . . .

"What I had until that time executed mechanically, by an unconscious aptitude of ear and finger, now developed into a soul which disclosed itself to my soul. I understood the poetry of great masters. I could follow their musical thought through the evolutions with which they surrounded it, and I understood the mysterious connection of sounds with the sentiments of the heart, just as well as with the sensations which nature excites in us. The calm of the summer nights, the fury of the storm, the ringing clearness of the frozen days. More than that, sounds ended by making up to me in a measure for my lost sight. For in nature, sound, and what you call color, correspond exactly. A heavy summer midday has not the same sound as a calm December night, and yet both would seem to you silent alike. Briefly, my art possessed me, and little by little I surprised the secrets of my art.

"That was the most beautiful period of my life. They welcomed me in all the great houses of the neighborhood, not only as a tuner of pianos, but to enliven their evenings. I refused only to play for balls: I am so sensitive to every reverberation that the noise of the dancers' feet on the floor made it impossible for me to play. But I was always listened to with pleasure, whether I was interpreting the great masters or executing some of my own compositions. In these I tried to reveal nature as it was revealed to me by the sensations which the blind are capable of feeling; that is to say, touch, smell, the changes of temperature, the innumerable voices of things. It seemed to me that this translation could not have been unsuccessful, since my audience appeared to find in my melodies, according to my inspiration, the splendor of the setting sun or the sadness of the white moonlight—all things which had for me a perfect significance, though they corresponded to no natural image.

"I had at that time real success, almost fame in a small way, through the country. If I add that they found me not unattractive in person, you will understand, sir, that I do not recall it with any boastfulness or vanity, since beauty of face is one of the most difficult things to realize to a person with my infirmity. But this very infirmity brought me a certain compassion, which, because of my youth, melted easily into an affectionate sympathy. I was assured, kindly, that 'no one would notice it.' And indeed my eyes only suggested an unusual fixity of expression. With age and trouble, my eyelids have begun to tremble, and the twitching draws attention to my physical infirmity. And then I take no care of myself nowadays. . . .

"Do you know a house about twelve miles from the Dovecot, a house which is hidden in pine-woods, and which they call Le Majoureau? It is one of the most beautiful estates in the country. Those who can see say that it is a little sad, because of the thick forests which surround it on all sides for many miles.

"To-day Le Majoureau is the property of some rich people

WASHINGTON NOTES ABOUT THE EXPOSITION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

CONGRESS is probing into the official expenditures of Ferdinand W. Peck, Commissioner-General of the United States to the Paris Exposition of 1900. Mr. Peck's statement of expenses seems to have [illegible] economically inclined members of [illegible] and especially those who are the [illegible], and he has been called upon to explain them in detail.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, who is zealously hunting for campaign material, claims that Mr. Peck has not carried out the provisions of the law. Instead of a detailed statement, which the law specifically required, Mr. Peck has presented a report fixing the expenditure at $[illegible].51 from November 15, 1898 to November 1, 1899, and Senator Jones thinks some of the items are surprisingly high and need explanation. For instance, the travelling expenses of Mr. Peck and the party which accompanied him to Paris amounted to the modest sum of $36,245.15. Another item which Senator Jones desires explained is that announcing the expenditure of $72,045.14 for the "salaries of experts," and he would also like to know how "miscellaneous expenses" reached a total of $10,400.46.

Senator Jones deemed the matter of sufficient importance to justify action by the Senate, and upon his request the Senate adopted a resolution calling upon the President for the detailed statement of expenditures required by the Act creating Mr. Peck's office. It is understood Mr. Peck has been called upon for the information desired by the Senate, and it will be transmitted just as soon as received. The State Department asserts it knows nothing of Mr. Peck's expenditures, as under the law the Commissioner-General is given sole authority to control them.

The Paris Exposition is already proving a profitable investment for the United States. Besides spreading broadcast the fame of American products and manufactures, it is serving to add to Uncle Sam's revenues at the rate of about $125 per day. This tidy little sum is received by the government from the sale of passports. Applications for these instruments have for the past three months made up the greater part of the State Department's mail, and the clerk detailed to act upon them has found it necessary to get assistance and work overtime to meet the demand. It is estimated that from this source alone the government has, since February, when an increase in the applications first became noticeable, received between $10,000 and $15,000.

The attention given in this country to the pressure applied by the government to the Sublime Porte to obtain a prompt settlement of American missionary claims has overshadowed the achievement of the State Department in connection with the modification of the plans for the Turkish Kiosk at the Exposition. This question was, to be sure, only relatively important, but it was exciting while it lasted to Commissioner-General Peck and the State Department, to the French Foreign Office, and to the Turkish Commissioner and the Sublime Porte. The American building and the Kiosk adjoined, and the plans for the latter, which were partly followed in construction, projected the structure beyond the building line and threw the American building in the background. Mr. Peck complained. His complaint was unavailing. Then he wired the State Department. Secretary Hay took prompt action. The French Foreign Office was dragged into the controversy. Then the Sublime Porte had its attention called to the conduct of its representative. There were the usual promises, but no action. Finally the wails of Mr. Peck became so loud that the Department found it necessary to insist that the Kiosk be placed on a line with the American structure at the expense of the Turk. The Department has recently been informed that its representations have been crowned with success, and it is expected that Mr. Peck is as happy as can be expected in view of the congressional inquiry hanging over his head.

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On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat, or bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs (where starch should be digested) are overtaxed and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

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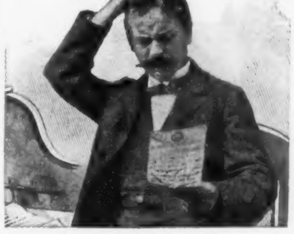

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deaux, who only go there for the hunting season. often asked me to tune the two pianos which the house. I have always refused. I could not Majoureau. It seems to me that I should lose if I crossed the threshold. Because that house all my life, at least the only part of my life that the pain of living—the life of my heart."

Yves stopped for a few minutes, his lips continuing if in prayer. I thought he would not be able to story, his agitation seemed so great. I did not him. I knew that an imprudent word might break of his confidences. He drank in a long breath of which had now become deliciously cool, and went on: the time of which I have been speaking, Le Ma- belonged to a certain Monsieur d'Escarpit, who lived his young and childless wife. When I say he it is only a façon de parler. He did not stay in seven days. He had two passions, hunting and a third, which caused his wife even more understand. He was the greatest Don Juan in nery, and nothing came amiss to him. He amused with the ladies of Bordeaux and Agen, as well as pretty peasants of the neighborhood. You can under such circumstances, what sort of a life Ma- Julie d'Escarpit endured. She had no relations—she a creole from Martinique, whom Monsieur d'Escarpit had at Biarritz, during a season which she had spent her family—she was all alone in that immense, house, with the never-ending pine woods surround- she used her eyes for nothing but weeping. Her always delicate, suffered very quickly; the doctors had an affection of the heart. She might live, live quietly, and avoid all sudden emotion. life was in appearance, but her husband did not Every evening she persisted in waiting first at supper-time, and then at bed-time, breathless, the alert at the least noise of wheels—the slightest a horse's step in the courtyard. Not that she husband, but she was exceedingly jeal- disposition, and she resented the insult of her desertion as sharply as if she had loved him.

"You will not ask me to tell you in detail, sir, how, between this young, lonely woman and the blind musician, whom she had sent for to give her lessons three times a week, there arose an intimacy, a profound affection, which grew with the days that passed. Without offence to Julie's memory, I may assert that she loved me, for nothing could have been purer than this love: nothing could less resemble an unworthy passion. She loved me at first as she might a brother, then insensibly with the vehement eagerness which was part of her character. She loved in me the kindly art which helped her to forget for a little while her loneliness and her sorrow. She also loved my misfortune, which allowed her to play at motherliness with me, though our ages were the same—she who had dreamed of maternity with delight, and had had no children! But even when our affection was most fraternal—when neither of us yet dreamed of the possibility of being more to each other—this tenderness did not exclude jealousy on her part. She was very soon more jealous of me than of her husband. She almost made it difficult for me to pursue my calling. It displeased her that I gave lessons to other women than herself; above all, it displeased her that I should win applause in other houses than hers. Every time I came to Majoureau she demanded from me a detailed account of all that I had done since our last meeting; and if I had met with some success at an evening party or a concert, it threw her almost into a fever. I was obliged, little by little, to give up playing at the neighboring houses. I did so with pleasure, for I loved Madame d'Escarpit, and if she had asked me, as a proof of my love, never to touch the piano again, I should have obeyed. On the contrary, it pleased me to devote to her alone all my talent as an artist; to be listened to and applauded by her only. Since for me she had become the whole world . . .

"Two years passed in this way, during which I was perfectly happy. I was loved and I loved. Could such an unfortunate as I have hoped for such a fate? Almost every day I spent at least a few minutes at Majoureau; sometimes I spent whole days there. Monsieur d'Escarpit took no offence at it. A blind pianist did not count with him, and besides, his wife was nothing to him; he had other thoughts in his head. Julie surrounded me with a fervent tenderness, a passionate admiration. Thanks to her, I really believe sometimes that I had a spark of genius; and perhaps, in truth, I did have it at that period of my life. I dared not say one word of love to the woman whom I adored. I never kissed the tip of her finger; but I made her, nevertheless, the most passionate declarations, when, seated at the piano, I played for her the entire afternoon. I believe she also felt that I had given her a little happiness."

The voice of Saint-Yves sank at these words under the strain of his emotion. I took his hand; he returned the pressure, and continued:

"Our happiness had lasted for two years and a half, when a great fête, which the country still remembers, was given at Buzet. It was discovered that the Secretary of the Beaux-Arts had been born in our little town; and he was invited to come here to a grand reception. He accepted, promising to bring with him the actors and artists of the Comédie Française and the Opera. Indeed, there were preparations for a merry-making which revolutionized the whole province. In the concert, which constituted the principal attraction of the fête, they begged me to appear as a local celebrity. I consulted Madame d'Escarpit. She made no objection. 'I shall go to the concert,' said she; 'and since I also shall hear and applaud you, I shall not be very jealous. But you will play for me only, will you not?' . . .

"I played, truly, for her alone; but all the best people and the highest functionaries in the country heard me also, and the secretary, who was with them, and the artists of the Paris theatres, whom he had brought with him. . . . Ah! sir! . . . Once in my life did I know what success was like, true success, which is made by the unreasoning emotion of the crowd. . . . I had played for Julie alone, and the thought that she was there, among that mass of people, had exalted all my powers. I played better than I had ever played before, better than I thought I could play. They cheered me. The local pride being roused, I had a triumph which eclipsed that of all the Parisian artists.

"After the concert, the secretary sent for me, and, in the presence of the prefect of Nérac and the mayor of Buzet, assured me that such a musician as I ought not to be hidden in the corner of a province, that I must go to Paris, and that he, the secretary, would take care of my future. 'I bind myself to nothing,' added he, 'for your success is certain, and will be instantaneous.' . . .

"I asked for a little time to reflect. I wished to consult Julie d'Escarpit. I could not see her alone until the next day at Majoureau. From the first words we spoke I understood that my success of the evening before had upset her. She had spent, she told me, a very bad night, and had been obliged to send for the doctor in the morning, her poor sick heart had caused her to suffer so frightfully from oppression. She received me lying on the sofa, condemned to perfect quietness. Feverishly she questioned me about what had passed between the authorities and me—'For I never even saw you,' cried she, with tears in her voice, 'after that hateful concert. . . . They carried you off. . . . What did they do with you?' She appeared so dangerously excited that I did not speak to her about the secretary's proposition, and that evening I wrote him a letter of decided and definite refusal.

"Perhaps, to speak frankly, it cost me a little. What artist has not dreamed of fame? What artist is not tempted by the name of Paris? But I would not leave Julie, and, above all, I would not cause her pain. More than all others, the sacrifices of sentiment bring their own reward. My reward was that Julie loved me with a more passionate tenderness, and declared it to me as she had never done before. There was never any question between us of what would have been as repugnant to Madame d'Escarpit as to me. But, as the laws upon divorce were about to be passed in France, Julie herself conceived the idea of separating legally from her husband and marrying me. 'Then,' she told me, 'we will go to Paris together. I will not leave you, and I shall live in the enjoyment of your fame . . . for I am ashamed to spoil your future.'

"I saw grave objections to this plan of divorce and remarriage. First, Madame d'Escarpit was rich; I was poor. Then, I knew well that she would suffer in the eyes of the world, and this I hated. But when one loves, one is easy to convince. Little by little I became accustomed to the idea which my lady suggested to me. We made plans together, and I began to believe them possible. And perhaps they would have been realized, indeed, if fate had not suddenly put an obstacle in our path which we had not anticipated.

"Whether it was the effect of the feelings, sometimes despairing, sometimes hopeful, which we both experienced from the hour we decided upon marriage, from the time we began passionately to discuss the means of accomplishing it; whether it was the dread of the struggle which must be carried on against Monsieur d'Escarpit and his family; whether it was the natural result of an incurable malady, I do not know; but Julie's health, which for years had seemed at least stationary, suddenly gave way. The attacks of suffocation became more frequent. They were soon of daily recurrence. Julie never left her sofa, which was placed near the piano, in the great drawing-room at Majoureau, where every day I played to her, trying vainly to soothe her pain and the perpetual irritation of her nerves.

"I cannot tell you of the last few months of the life of my lady (for you must have guessed that Julie died). They were too full of suffering and delight. Monsieur d'Escarpit did not in any way change his mode of life. He flew from one end of the country to the other, utterly careless of his wife's health. Julie, more and more tortured by the nervous oppression which heart troubles always bring at their worst period, begged that I would not leave her again. And I therefore installed myself at Majoureau, absolutely careless of my profession, and disdaining the slanderous reports which began to be spread about us.

"Ah! sir, if they could have seen that dying woman, the most malicious among them would have regretted their slanders.

"In a few months she was the shadow of the eager Julie of other days. They said that even her beauty faded. She watched its departure, following every day and every hour the sad changes which the disease made in her charming person. 'Ah,' she said to me once, with her old impetuosity, 'I thank Heaven that has denied you eyesight, since you cannot see me as I am now.'

"As she drew nearer death her jealousy increased. She was too wise not to anticipate the approaching end—you know that these heart troubles almost announce by their progressive symptoms the time when the disease will prove fatal—and she tormented herself ceaselessly as to what should become of me when she was dead. And I felt that she was jealous, horribly jealous, of me, above and beyond death. 'Nothing will keep you here now,' she said despairingly. 'You will go to Paris, as the secretary wished you to do.' For the news of this proposition had come to her by degrees, and haunted her. . . To give her a little comfort, I was obliged to promise that never, never would I go to Paris. Then there was another thing that troubled her. 'When I am dead, you will begin again to play in people's houses. They will praise you. Perhaps some other woman will want you to be with her as I have wanted you.' And as I had promised her never to go to Paris, so I promised for the future to support myself only by tuning pianos, to forget my art, to be no more a composer and a performer, to play for no one again. 'Yes,' she cried. 'Yes, you must play when you are alone—entirely alone—feeling that you are playing for me, and I promise you that I shall be near to hear you' . . ."

Saint-Yves stopped. His head sank upon his breast, and for some time he meditated thus, while I dared not trouble him with a word. The darkness had come now, creeping up from the valley to the terrace, and the air was full of the mist of autumn. The blind man turned toward me and said:

"The night has fallen, has it not?"

"Yes," I replied. "Will you go in?"

"In a few minutes. . . . Thank you."

And of his own accord he went on:

"I kept my word. It is twenty-three years since I lost my lady, and for twenty-three years I have remained a humble piano tuner in my own country. Do not think that it has been much of a sacrifice. Anything else would have been a sacrifice. Julie had gone from my life, and I lost the taste for art and fame. Truly I am incapable of being anything but what you see me. I have no longer any talent."

"Do not say that," I interrupted. "I heard you play just now."

"Yes, sometimes it seems to me that the old fire burns in me. . . . When I am alone, as I was just now, before some old instrument, whose faint tones remind me of the piano at Majoureau. Then sometimes, as I promised Julie, I play for her. Then also, as she promised, I feel her near me. . . . The night which surrounds me is the same that surrounded me at the time when Julie listened to me, stretched upon her sofa. Remember that, sir. For me, who see nothing, the aspect of the world is unchanged, the succession of light and darkness does not mark to me, as it does to you, the flight of time. Truly, when I so abandon myself to my revived inspiration, I forget the years that have flown, the past reasserts itself. . . My lost happiness returns. . . Alas! the last chord which sounds under my fingers terminates my dream. . . ."

He was silent. For a long time we sat there without speaking. The first stars came out over our heads. I was careful not to stir, moved as I was by the feelings which the story of the blind man had excited. Nearly half an hour passed thus. At last Saint-Yves, shaking off his stupor, coughed lightly.

"If you do not mind, sir," he said in a changed voice, "we will return to the house. The night is damp, and I am subject to rheumatism."

I took him by the hand, and we went back to the Dove-cot. "Oh!" exclaimed the blind man, shivering, when we regained the little drawing-room. "We were wrong to stay so late out of doors. These autumn evenings are dangerous. If you will permit me, sir, I should like to have a little brandy."

I rang for Irma, who brought it to us. Saint-Yves prepared his drink with his usual care. He had become once more the insignificant and shrunken old man whom I had noticed the evening before. And certainly no one would have suspected that this feeble creature, through all his apparently unknown and vulgar life, had drunk from the two most intoxicating sources of human emotion—art and love.

THE END

PARIS NOTES

(*See pictures on pages* 10 *and* 11)

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE GOVERNMENT has emerged from a situation perplexing and uncomfortable, if not with colors flying, at least without hurt or damage. The inaugural ceremony was a success in that everything ran smoothly and that no bones were broken.

But to the observer hailing from the great Transatlantic Republic it must have seemed anomalous that during the auspicious inauguration destined to open up a new era to this country the great public should have been barred out, its participants being merely the Government members and the official world. The measure was, perhaps, a prudent one, for there is no telling what some hotheads might have undertaken in the way of an anti-Government manifestation had the gates been thrown open to all. Still, the circumstance of itself constitutes a confession of weakness on the Government's part, and it indicates, furthermore, that the democratic idea has made little headway here in spite of thirty years of the so-called Republican régime.

The police arrangements were perfect. If M. Lepine had made a bet in advance that he would succeed in preventing more than a baker's dozen of the Paris populace from seeing the Presidential procession I think he would have been entitled to claim the stakes. Policemen in uniform and detectives swarmed at all the approaches to the Seine from the Champ de Mars to the Place de la Concorde and effectually prevented the crowds from getting a glimpse of the proceedings. An exception was made for a party of masons and bricklayers in their working clothes, but it has since transpired that these worthies were specially recruited to cheer on the President's passage. Theirs was about the only vigorous applause that I heard during the entire trip from the Salle des Fêtes to the exit from the grounds on the Champs Elysées.

The inauguration came near being a special triumph for the United States section. Unfortunately, the Fates were unkind and the triumph will have to be postponed to America Day on the 4th of July. Due preparations were made for an interesting little international episode, including a tip passed around to the reporters and photographers, but, as already stated, it all came to nothing.

The American guard has made a decided hit in Paris. The men are trim, well-proportioned young fellows, soldierly in bearing, bright and intelligent, far above the average run of Exposition guards. There is not one of them but has graduated from some first class scholastic institution. Many have already served in the militia or other volunteer military associations. Of course, all speak French. Their captain, a six-footer from the West named P. L. Bowen, is very popular among his men. The uniform of the guard is simple but in good taste. As my photograph shows, it is not unlike the undress officers' uniform of the United States navy.

It seems a real pity that for once we Americans cannot arrange to "do in Turkey as the turkeys do," and forego closing the United States section at the Exposition on Sundays. The announcement that the American exhibits would not be visible on the first day of the week has made a disagreeable impression on the Parisian public. It is argued that Sunday is the only day on which the workingman and skilled mechanic can find time to visit the Exposition, and that the regulation in question will practically debar this class of citizen from a study of the methods and devices employed in the various departments of American industry. The French are all the more surprised over Mr. McKinley's decision, in that they know the United States is not a Sunday-closing nation as a whole, and that in some of the largest cities in the country the theatres and other places of amusement do their biggest business on the Sabbath. They are also aware that in those places where the Sunday-closing law prevails, as in New York City for instance, no restriction is placed on the opening of museums and picture galleries, without mentioning the so-called sacred concerts. It is hard for them to reconcile the contradiction involved in President McKinley's measure.

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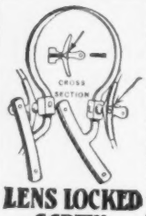

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HOW TO VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR AND WHAT IT COSTS

By WALTER LITTLEFIELD, *Author of "The Truth About Dreyfus"*

ALL ROADS lead to Paris this summer, if one may judge from the notice of itineraries that are appearing in papers as far west as San Francisco and as far east as Calcutta and Bombay. For one continent, at least, New York is the *pied à mer* to the Exposition. Here one has a broad and varied selection of routes for the completion of the journey. The choice depends partly upon individual inclination, partly upon comfort, or, it may be, caprice, but always upon the length of one's purse. There are no less than eleven steamship lines which will drop the traveller as near Paris as Havre or Cherbourg or Boulogne-sur-Mer, or as conveniently remote as Liverpool, Glasgow, Southampton, Bremen, or Antwerp. The traveller by some lines will have the privilege of determining whether he desires to look in at the Exposition first and view certain western corners of Europe afterward, or vice versa.

Of course, if one is desirous of seeing all that naturally falls to the lot of the tourist by the most circuitous route, the Hamburg-American line, whose steamers sail from this city every Thursday, offers exceptional opportunities. In this way one may not only have a glance at the English port of Plymouth, but also may stop off at Cherbourg, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and Hamburg, leaving any one of these ports for Paris by rail. The steamers of the French Line—La Compagnie Générale Transatlantique—which also sail on Thursdays, go direct to Havre. As everybody knows, the beautiful and now historic steamers of the American Line sail to Southampton.

On the Cunard and American lines the price of one first-class passage ranges from $135 to $600, or for two persons occupying the same room, from $75 to $375 each. A second-class berth may be had for $50. Passage on the Hamburg-American Line, which, as has been said, touches at a number of European ports before reaching Hamburg, costs first class, from $100 to $325, or for two occupying a first-class cabin, from $75 to $120. On this line there are three prices for second-class passage: $50, $55, and $75. A single first-class passage by the French Line is scheduled at from $200 to $600; for two persons occupying the same room, from $85 to $250; while a second-class passage may be had this summer for $60.

After a passage has been booked the next question that appeals to the traveller is the question of the ways and means for carrying money. If one goes by the French Line it is well to convert a generous share of your capital into the currency of the French Republic before starting. The practice of tipping is not only in vogue upon all the Transatlantic boats but it assumes an absolute necessity if one would have any comfort and be spared many petty annoyances. Ten dollars distributed with some discrimination should be sufficient under all conditions. Those who give more are not served in proportion to their gifts. On other than the French Line it is well to have from $20 to $50 in English sovereigns, for tips and incidental expenses. The purser will make change as required.

There are several ways in which money may be procured in France, but perhaps the most convenient and simplest way is to buy a letter of credit from some well-known New York banking house which has correspondents in Paris and at other cities on the route. Such a house is that of August Belmont, The Cheque Bank, Morton, Bliss & Co., and J. W. Seligman. The mode of procedure is very simple. If you wish to keep your expenses within $500, after taking out sufficient funds for your passage over, and return, too, if your stay is to be short, you deposit that amount with the banker in New York and draw from his branch office or correspondent in Paris such sums as you may need from time to time.

Cherbourg, which is one of the chief naval stations of France, is two hundred and thirty miles by rail from Paris, to which the second-class fare is thirty-five francs. If the tourist has taken the American Line, the completion of the journey from Southampton via Havre will cost, second-class, from five to six dollars, according to rapidity of transit. From Boulogne-sur-Mer to Paris the fare is ten dollars, or fifty francs. It is the boat on the Continent that only Americans and royalties travel, first class. Americans, however, have long since discovered that second-class has its advantages. Seclusion may often be obtained by a small tip to the guard, who immediately closes the door of the compartment and politely declares to all comers that it is full. Third-class accommodations, although nearer the average mode of railway travel in America, save that one sits on bare benches, will hardly appeal to the tourist.

Trains from Havre and Cherbourg arrive in Paris at the Gare St. Lazare, or Western Railway Station; those from Boulogne-sur-Mer, at the Gare du Nord, or Northern Railway Station, on the Place Roubaix; the other station is between the Rue Amsterdam and the Rue de Rome.

On descending at a Paris station one of the first things that attracts the attention of the voyager, even before he emerges into the street, is an eternal cry vociferated by the cabmen. It is a sort of rolling, guttural exclamation, and sounds like "Paroo! Paroo! Paroo!" This is simply the French "Par où?" which may be freely translated by "Where do you want to go?" If the Paris sojourn is to be limited to a few days it is well to have pretty well made up your mind at what hotel you desire to stay. If you are to remain in the capital for several weeks, the subject of boarding houses or "pensions," should have occupied your mind. In either case you will desire an abode as near the Exposition grounds as possible.

No city in the world can surpass Paris in the number, variety, and substantial luxury of her hotels. The most convenient one for passengers descending at the St. Lazare Station is the Hôtel Terminus directly opposite. Here rooms may be had from two francs up. A luncheon including wine costs five francs; dinner with wine and coffee, seven francs. Directly opposite the Gare du Nord is the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer du Nord, where rooms may be hired at from three francs to twelve per day. There are several hotels in Paris which make a specialty of providing for their American and English guests. The most popular of these, which is also the most convenient to the great art and amusement centres of the capital, is the Grand Hotel, at 12 Boulevard des Capucines, where rooms cost from five francs up, and where excellent table d'hôte luncheons and dinners are served at five francs and eight francs, respectively, and where there is good music during meal time.

On the Place Vendôme are several superb hotels where royalty and the wealthy may stay. Here, in order to satisfy mere curiosity, the economical foreigner may secure a fair room at the minimum price of twenty francs per day, while guests in the same building are paying their hundreds. These palaces of the Place Vendôme are the Bristol, at which the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians always stop, the Hôtel Vendôme, the Hôtel du Rhin, and the Hôtel Ritz. German, Russian, nobles, royalties and potentates from eastern Europe may be seen at most of these places. Southward, on the left bank of the Seine, are much cheaper, although not quite so convenient, hotels. Here, for a prolonged sojourn, very nice rooms may be had for from one hundred and sixty to two hundred francs a month. The "pensions" or boarding-houses are the most excellent of their kind; they are more like family hotels than anything else. One that caters exclusively to Americans is the Powers, at 69 Avenue d'Antin, where board and lodging may be had from ten francs up. Another pension of this class is that of Mme. Raymond Pognon, 7 Rue Clément Marot. If one has his family with him and wishes to live economically for a month or more, furnished apartments, even though somewhat remote from the Exposition grounds, will be more inviting than either hotels or boarding-houses. The apparent cheapness of the price, however, must not overwhelm one with enthusiasm; it must be remembered that there will be many extras to pay for, which in the end will make the cost of living amount to about what it does in New York.

But whether looking for apartments or for anything else that is salable in Paris the American who does not understand French will derive great benefit from the papers that are printed in his own language in Paris. These are the European edition of the "New York Herald," the "Daily Messenger," "The American Register," and the "English and American Gazette." During the Exposition period the "New York Times" will be printed in the Fair Grounds and will be given away liberally. Like any Parisian journal, it may also be purchased at the principal hotels and kiosks throughout the city.

It is not until one is permanently settled that a serious study of the things of interest in the city should be made. Then with a good map spread out before one it will be discovered that the myriads of boulevards, avenues and streets are really not so difficult to trace out as one had supposed. It will be found very convenient to rule off with a pencil about twenty or twenty-five squares and study each division at leisure, and in the light of the guide-book reading that has been done while going over on the steamer. Of course, "Baedeker's Guide to Paris" stands first as a serious authority. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers of it. The presence of the Exposition, however, has been productive of several excellent books on Paris, most of which are written in charming style and include convenient maps and pictures. "Hachette's Guide" is published in New York by Frederick A. Stokes Company. "Harper's Guide to the Exposition of 1900" will be found of great service, not only for the information that it contains concerning the Fair itself, but also for its description of all else of interest that Paris and its faubourgs contain. For material of a more literary character, "A Woman's Paris," being a handbook of everyday living in the French capital, will be found both interesting and instructive, as also will "Paris as it is; An Intimate Account of Its People, Its Home Life, and Its Phases of Interest," by Katharine de Forest. The first is from the press of Small, Maynard and Co. of Boston, the second is from Doubleday, Page & Co. of this city. Both these volumes are illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs which have been especially prepared for them, and which are more than likely to give, as the text of the books itself does, a far more intimate view of French life than the visitor can possibly obtain even after several months' sojourn.

The means of transportation in Paris are unusually adequate when one considers their comparative primitive nature. Private carriages may be ordered for four francs an hour or for thirty francs by the day. There are over fifty lines of omnibus and surface rail lines that form a complete network over the city. Tickets on these lines are interchangeable. But the only trouble with the famous omnibus and car system of Paris is that, as all passengers must be seated, the supply is not always equal to the demand. However, extraordinary efforts are now being made to take care of the Exposition traffic. Fares are uniform throughout the city, thirty centimes or six cents being charged for inside passengers on omnibuses, or fifteen centimes for outside ones. The surface lines charge ten centimes for inside transportation, and five centimes for outside. A very interesting phase of Paris life may be seen by riding at random on the top of the omnibuses; many of the routes, particularly those on the right bank of the Seine, passing by buildings and sites of great historic interest. There is one line that runs directly southward from the Gare St. Lazare across the Seine to the Place St. Michel, passing one of the great Parisian shops, the Magasin du Printemps, the Opéra, the ruins of the Théâtre Français, the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Place du Châtelet, and the Palais de Justice or the law courts on the Ile de la Cité, at the eastern end of which rise the famous towers of Notre Dame.

Parisians amuse themselves in numerous ways, some of which will interest the American visitor and some will not. The theatres of Paris, owing to the traditions connected with many of them, have world-wide renown. In general the admission fee to the Paris theatre is relatively lower than that in vogue in large American cities. What are considered the best points of vantage there are not so considered here, and the tourist must look sharp or he will find himself in uncongenial company. The tariff at the Opera House on the Place de l'Opéra ranges from two francs to twenty francs for a proscenium box. Sarah Bernhardt's new theatre in the Place du Châtelet has prices ranging from one franc to fifteen francs. The Théâtre Français, when rebuilt, will command prices all the way from two francs to ten francs. Admission to the Odéon, where the Comedie Française Company is now playing, is from two francs to twelve francs. Contrasted with these reasonable rates we have those of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, running from ten francs to twenty-four. This theatre, for years the home of the melodrama, has now in the régime of the elder Coquelin assumed a more dignified and artistic attitude. It was here, a little over two years ago, that the actor brought out Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Next in interest to the Opéra and the theatres comes of course the concerts and concert halls. The season of the Conservatoire de Music is over, but one may hear during the summer classical music dispensed every Sunday afternoon at the Théâtre du Châtelet, and that of a more popular kind at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, on Thursdays and Sundays. Many of the music halls of Paris are without special attractiveness for the American who does not understand French. Their parodies and burlesques are mostly of local color.

No article about Paris, however brief, would be consistent without a word about the cafés and the brasseries or wine shops. Everybody has heard of the Café de la Paix and its terraces in the Boulevard des Capucines, and of the Café Americain, a few doors below on the same street; and of the Café d'Harcourt, at 47 Boulevard St. Michel. It is at the cafés, from early afternoon till long after midnight, that the whole rapid gamut of Paris life is run. In the early evening and just after the closing of the theatres they are filled with wealth and fashion and assumed if not actual decorum. Gay laughter and bright repartee, for which Parisians are noted, are heard on every hand; then as the hours glide by the gayety becomes more boisterous, until at length revelry unchecked and almost unnoticed reigns, and Paris, to the sober mind, is revealed, as it were, under the lime light in rouge and powder.

Beyond Paris itself, only a few miles away, there is much to see that will repay investigation. Trips to Versailles, to St. Germain en Laye, and to St. Denis—so full of history and traditions—should not be omitted by the visitor. But after a few days spent in Paris, with a guide-book and with plenty of omnibus rides about the city, he can venture beyond the fortifications with no slight self-confidence. And so I will leave him.

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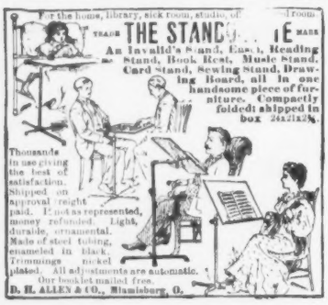

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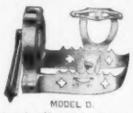

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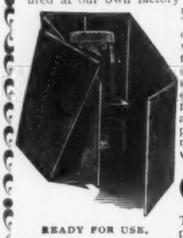

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Student Life in Paris

BY FRANK NORRIS

Author of "A Man's Woman," "Moran of the Lady Letty."

SINGULARLY enough, the great art school of Paris, the Atelier Julien, is as far removed as may be from the Latin Quarter, quite on the other side of town, and separated from the homes and haunts of the students not only by the river, but by all the quarter of the Opera and the Boulevards. It is a question now, *bien entendu*, of the original Julien, the old place over the smelly feather-cleaning establishment in the smelly court off the smelly Rue du Faubourg Saint-Denis, still used, I believe, but dividing favor with the now clean (Julien's clean!) atelier in the Rue Saint-Honoré.

This is the focus of student life, the true undefiled well of bohemianism, now becoming speedily diluted by influx of decorous Englishmen, solemn Germans, and practical Americans, who actually consider Julien's as a place wherein to work.

There are sights enough, God knows, in Paris, and times and places, all catalogued and listed and Baedekered and Cooked and Gazed. But to taste the real flavor of the Parisian art student, be pleased to consider the Atelier Julien of a Monday morning, when the models are voted on and posed for the week, and when the distribution of the eight hundred odd seats takes place. It doesn't cost anything to see this sight. It is only necessary to know one of the students, or even an explanation of intention at the *guichet* of the secretary would without doubt suffice. Only, young women should not go there alone. There was an English girl once who permitted herself the indiscretion of visiting the atelier of the Beaux-Arts unaccompanied, and before she got out—never mind. Imagine Monday morning at Julien's now.

There are forty or more models on hand, huddled about the stove behind the throne in each of the eight ateliers, and one after another they present themselves, taking the pose, and are voted on *à haute voix* by the entire atelier—some hundred men—the "massié," or head student, managing the affair, shouting out like an auctioneer: "Qui est-ce qui en veut"—"Qui est-ce qui n'en veut pas." It is easy to imagine a white-slave market.

The allotment of places is a veritable *affaire*. Everybody wants to sit on the front row of low tabourets, because from this position one looks upward at the model; and the articulation of joints and the attachment of muscles—the whole anatomical scheme—seen thus foreshortened, is particularly interesting, and at the same time easy to draw.

However, the ten men whose composition *esquisses* have been "classed" first by the master the Saturday before have first choice of seats. So no matter how early you get up, nor how tenaciously you cling to your first row tabouret, you are quite liable to be ejected at the last moment by any one of the favored ten, who appears on the scene well along toward the middle of the forenoon—perhaps after your drawing has been started and is well in hand.

This complication always gives rise to scenes. Two men—by the nature of things—cannot occupy the same space of twelve square inches at the same time, and when both are combative and obstinate they are very apt to hit each other; and then abruptly the riot rips out, like flame in a dry field, from end to end of the crowded atelier, with a clattering smash of overturned easels, splintering of palettes, and stamping of feet, and an explosion of expostulation in a dozen different tongues.

And then, just after everything has quieted down again, and the two men have arranged their difficulties by the drawing of straws, and the atelier has settled to its work, some "light-complected" Englishman, who wears clean linen and disdains a blouse, pipes up from his high stool in the very back row:

"Eh mosieu toornay la tait pahr ee-cy seelvou plai!"

And twenty voices, in frantic execration, reply:

"Allons, à la porte!"

"Elle est bien comme ça la modèle!"

"A la porte l'anglais!"

"Gode save se Quveene: oh yais God-lam!"

And the row starts up again as vigorous as ever.

The day's routine in the life of the student almost invariably comprises a morning's work at Julien's. Only half of the number are to be found there of an afternoon. Between one o'clock and five the majority address themselves to their own work in their own ateliers, painting their "salons" for the most part—or the pictures they hope will be "salons." These private ateliers as show-places are disappointing for the most part. They fall into two classes: the junkshop atelier, crammed with *bibelots* and meaningless *objets d'art*, and bric-a-brac, and Barye lions, and *Femmes Inconneus*—a confused litter of "studies" and "notes" and "effects"; or the workshop ateliers, very serious, bare, reeking of linseed oil, lacking ornaments, offering to consideration the cheerless severity of a convent refectory.

At Julien's—the original Julien's always—there are two "masters" for each atelier, who give their services free, and who come Wednesdays and Saturdays to "correct." Some are not so regular, so conscientious as others; but Bougereau, Tony Robert Fleury and Lefèbvre are always to be counted upon.

Lefèbvre, débonair, familiar, approachable, goes the rounds of his atelier as though holding a reception, often taking the *fusain* himself and "blocking in the figure" for the student.

Fleury is a large, handsome, blue-serge gentleman with brown whiskers, who wears his red button of the Legion in his lapel, and who smells of cologne.

Bougereau looks more like a well-to-do butcher than like the painter of Aphrodites and Cupids. He is very fat, very red as to the face, very loud as to the breath, very wheezy as to the voice; his hands as well kept as a physician's, and he invariably prefaces his criticism with, "Eh, eh, pas trop mal."

When the bachelor hero of the melodrama of Society shows his friend the jewel-hilted pomard, or the eighteenth century miniature, or the mysteriously engraved ring, and says, "I picked that up for a mere song in an out-of-the-way corner in Persia last winter," be not deceived, he means the bookstalls of the Quais of the Latin Quarter.

Here you will find every conceivable kind of second-hand object, from a bottle of horse liniment to a flawed pearl, from a paper of nasturtium seeds to a cuirassier's helmet. It is the overflow of the pawnshops of the Left Bank—the line of scum thrown up against the rampart of the Quai by the tide of reckless life that beats all day between the Luxembourg and the Beaux-Arts. Nearly all of what you will find there comes from the students—sold in a pinch of poverty—junk that once decorated their walls. The bookstalls are a commentary of the decorative taste of the entire Quarter, and the men that keep the stalls have little idea of the value of what they sell. Fancy coming upon a set of over half a hundred bronze medals, every one bigger than a twenty-dollar piece, and each bearing an exquisitely worked portrait of a king of France, from Hugh Capet to Louis XIV.; upon the reverse side of every medal an epitome of the events of the reign of whatever monarch is pictured upon the obverse; the set, complete, offered for twelve francs! Or, again, imagine the discovery of a *livre d'heures*, Black Letter, of course, containing the Litany in which—so old was the book—one found the words:

> "From battle, murder, and sudden death,
> And from the fury of the Norsemen,
> *Good Lord, deliver us!*"

And this book to be had for three dollars! Or a pure gold coin of Jean Le Bon, of the end of the fourteenth century, put up for about five dollars.

But if the students sell things of value cheaply, the average is maintained otherwise. Their amusements, their joy of life, comes to them cheap, or they discover means of securing cheaply certain pleasures for which the less astute pay dear. As a matter of course, the students are all a little music-mad. The Grand Opera is for them a veritable revel. Meyerbeer, Gounod, Mozart, Bizet, Saint-Saens, are only less venerated than Chavannes, Laurens, Mounet, Cazin, Bonnat. The accuracy with which they can recall aria, recitatif, sextette, and chorus is astonishing. Let us suppose a French student on the "Bougereau side," one morning toward the middle of the week, when the atelier has settled to its work and things have quieted down, begins to hum over the opening bars of an act of "Faust." Two more join in, then three, five, ten, thirty, the whole atelier: some singing the orchestration, others the soprano parts, others the bass, or contralto, and so on. The neighboring Lefèbvre atelier joins in, then the Gérome atelier, then, far off in a remote corner, the sculptors, and before the end is reached the whole eight hundred go thundering off into—

> "Joie immortelle de nos aïeux
> Soyons fidèles, mourons comme eux."

Then, reacting from the almost sublime to the wholly ridiculous, some one proposes that the common fund of all the ateliers—some two hundred dollars perhaps—be devoted to the immediate purchase of bazoos. The idea has a tremendous success. A committee is sent out, returning in an hour with four hand-carts loaded with trumpets of pasteboard. These are distributed among the eight hundred. Each man arranges his shirt outside his trousers, a line is formed—"Allons ma'chons!"—"On va descendre dans les rues!"—"Houp-la!"—"A la Bastille!"—"A bas la République!"—the entire number of students debouches into the street, the eight hundred bazoos into ... Marguérite's prayer (or it is quite on the cards they have reached the Marseillaise by now), and all work is over for that day.

But such an intimate knowledge of the operas implies frequent attendance at the Opera House itself, and this costs a great deal of money. The visiting foreigner pays for his *fauteuil* anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five francs. The student goes about the matter differently. He joins the *claque*—the people who are hired to applaud. In the Grand Opera House of Paris there are about one hundred seats reserved for the claque that stretch across the whole width of the auditorium. These are nearly every one occupied by art students. Each one buys his seat the day before the performance, paying the regular price. The following evening, at eight o'clock, he joins the rest of the claque at a certain *brasserie* in the Rue Richelieu, and is assigned his seat by the *chef de claque*. Throughout the performance he applauds, "on signal" from the chef, vociferously or moderately, according to instructions. Just before the last act, if he has played his part to satisfaction, the chef refunds him the price of his *fauteuil*, minus three francs. The student has enjoyed the representation of a masterpiece, rendered magnificently, in one of the most superb opera houses of the world. It has cost him sixty cents.

Once in a great while, and as a natural result of the fecund, productive atmosphere in which these fellows live, one comes across that curious talent—a lost faculty for many centuries—the genius for spontaneous and ready improvisation. A student is *flanant* among his comrades in the atelier, these latter working away steadily the while, he at their shoulders, his hat tilted back, his hands in his trousers pockets. For *blague* one addresses him in recitatif—

> "Va donc, va donc!
> As-tu encore vu,
> As-tu encore vu,
> As-tu encore vu le Salon, Triquet?"

And Triquet, not for one moment at a loss, responds in kind. He proceeds from this point, he elaborates, he versifies, finding rhymes Heaven knows how. An anecdote occurs to him apropos; promptly it runs off his tongue in rhymed couplets set to music. A little song is the result, always funny, sometimes risque, but invariably of an astonishing cleverness. The song becomes part of the reperteire of the atelier. It is sung years after the anecdote is forgotten.

It is a matter for wonder and great interest, all this. The whole evolution of ballad poetry exemplified before your eyes and ears. An entire phase of literature developed in miniature while you wait.

Some of the types of the students are extraordinary. You shall see them in any of the *brasseries* of the Quarter, around the Luxembourg, in the Rue de Seine, on the Boul' Mich. (Boulevard Saint Michel) or the Faubourg Saint Germain. But, as a matter of course, Julien's is their own especial habitat, and to see them in all their glory one must visit the place itself. Indeed, why the Atelier Julien has not been already labelled as a Parisian show-place is difficult to understand. The types are not always French by any manner of means. Quite the most extraordinary of the array in my time was an American named Octavius. He went about Paris, winter or summer, in an overcoat that reached from his very chin to within three inches of the ground, a fez on his head, and blue kids on his hands. He was without fear, without reproach, without morals, without bitterness, without selfishness, without decency, without respect for law or man, and without, as it was one day discovered, clothes. Literally, with the exception of shoes, pants, the fez and impossible overcoat, the man was naked, and this though his overcoat pockets jingled with five-franc pieces.

Then there was another American named Tiger—*named*, not called, be it understood. The man was a mystery. For seven years he had shared the same room with two compatriots. He was the friend of some half-hundred students; the sight of him about the Quarter was as common as a tram-car. Yet, beyond the fact that his name was Tiger and that he was American, absolutely not one scrap of his history was ever known. Of a day he appeared at Julien's; there he studied for nine years. Justifying his name, he developed a talent for painting and drawing tigers that left one breathless and stupefied. In the last year of his career he sent to the Salon the picture of two tigers stalking gazelles that all but got him a medal, that created a veritable furor, and, twelve months afterward, disappeared with the completeness of evaporation. Thereafter he was never once seen, not so much as the vaguest rumor of him came to hand. He vanished, he became a legend, a myth; only his chef d'œuvre remained. Who was he? Mystery. His name was Tiger, and he was American; that was all.

Then there was still another American named Texas, who carried a bowie in his boot, who drew execrably, all but killed a Frenchman for insulting the model Corinne, danced clog dances in sabots on the posing platform, used grocers' twine in place of cuff-buttons, and fell dead of apoplexy on the corner of the boulevard. Then there was the Frenchman nicknamed Slush-slush, because of an imperfection in his speech, who could talk intelligibly only when half-seas-over, and of whom it was said, "He got so drunk that he could talk straight." Then there was Italico Brass, an Italian who, when working, used to hypnotize the model quite unconsciously, till sometimes she fell off the throne; "Le Grand Bleu," who used to have absinthe fits on the floor of the atelier; "Choubersky," the Russian, who, when funds were short, danced terrific Cossack dances in the street, passing the hat afterward; and others and still others by the scores, by the fifties, caricatures of men, freaks, grotesques, subjects ready to hand for the cartoonist, "material" for an infinite number of character sketches.

The POLITICAL CONTEST of 1900

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

IV

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY is an office which before the nominating convention meets seems to give the politicians a good deal of trouble. Its anomalous character has been the subject of much irony, and yet the original design and intention were rational. On the theory that the Electoral College was, in reality, to be the selecting body, it was well that it should choose the heir-apparent to the Presidency as well as the President himself. The difficulty is that the office is in itself unimportant, and that its duties are such that the man who fills it leads an official existence but one remove from complete, although it may be elegant, idleness. The laws providing for the office and appointing its duties contemplate an impossibility. No man worthy of the Presidency itself will willingly take a place which is in the main a mere ante-chamber where the occupant is to hold himself in waiting until the President shall die, resign or become unable in any way to discharge the powers and duties of his office. The consequence is that men who have reason to expect a nomination for the first place do not desire the second. Indeed, an election to the Vice-Presidency now raises a presumption against the incumbent's fitness for the Presidency. Certainly he is at once counted out as a Presidential possibility. In other words, the original and proper theory of the Constitution has been absolutely reversed. Instead of being deliberately chosen because of his ability to perform the duties of the Presidency, in case he should be called upon to succeed to that office, he is sometimes nominated because his party has refused him the first place on its ticket, or for reasons less creditable and which would not govern even a modern convention in its choice of a candidate for the Presidency. The result is that we have Vice-Presidents who would not only not have been dreamed of for the first honors, but who would not have worn them worthily. In the beginning, the theory of the Constitution prevailed, and the Vice-Presidents were men who were intended for Presidents. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson went from the second to the first office. Then there was a break, by reason of Aaron Burr's selection as Vice-President in Jefferson's first term—a break due to Burr's lack of character and to his treachery, and not to the fact that he had not at first been considered worthy to be President. Martin Van Buren was Vice-President during Jackson's second term and succeeded him as President.

JAMES E. CAMPBELL — ROBERT TREAT PAINE

Then we come upon a range of lower men, among them the four who filled the first office after the deaths of the elected Presidents, Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, and Garfield. Since the election of Van Buren to be Vice-President, only three men have been chosen to the second place who, at the time of their nomination, would have been considered proper candidates for the first. They were Breckinridge, Colfax, and Hendricks.

William A. Wheeler was nominated for Vice-President because he was the author of what was known as the "Wheeler Adjustment." This was a compromise between the Governor Kellogg radicals and the conservatives of Louisiana, after General Sheridan had invaded the Legislature of the State in obedience to the order of President Grant. This was in 1875. Mr. Wheeler was also selected for his strength in his own State of New York. He was also a friend of Roscoe Conkling, who had been defeated in the convention. He would never have been thought of for the Presidency, although he was a man of excellent judgment. Then came Arthur, whose nomination was also made to please Conkling, but was regarded as a grave impropriety, possibly as a disgrace. Mr. Arthur's conduct as President, after Garfield's death, was a surprise to every one who had known him and his career as a party leader in New York. Hendricks had been a strong candidate for the Presidential nomination when he was placed on the ticket with Cleveland. This, too, was another bid for the vote of New York. Stevenson was bait for the unsound money vote, and Hobart was the only Republican campaign manager of recent years who had been able to defeat the Democrats in New Jersey.

This brings us to the coming campaign and to a consideration of the names of the men who are spoken of for the second place on the Republican and Democratic tickets. Naturally a change in the rule which has governed so many years could not be expected, and it is not surprising, therefore, that not one of the men who have risen to distinction in the Republican and Democratic parties by long political service is mentioned. John Sherman is out of the question, of course, and the Republicans have two statesmen, George F. Edmunds and George F. Hoar, who are disqualified as candidates with Mr. McKinley because they are opposed to his policy of imperialism. A list of names of men not disqualified in this way is sufficient to indicate the kind of men who are not talked about. There are, for example, Aldrich, Hawley, Platt and Proctor of New England; Lincoln of Illinois, Spooner of Wisconsin, Allison and Gear of Iowa, and Davis of Minnesota. These would seem to be names with which the Republicans might conjure, but no one of them, probably, would change his present place for the empty honor of the Vice-Presidency, nor, perhaps, would there be any practical politics in naming them.

Among those who are spoken of only one has developed

THEODORE ROOSEVELT — JOHN DAVIS LONG

sufficient political capacity to make him talked about as a Presidential possibility, and it is doubtless because he is thus talked about, and has some hope for the nomination for the first place in 1904, that his selection for the Vice-Presidency this year would seem to Governor Roosevelt a real mishap to his political career. It is important, however, for the Republican party to accomplish two things—to put its best foot foremost on the war record of the present Administration, and to hold its own in the extreme East; that is, in order to be sure of carrying the election, it must be far and away the stronger of the two parties in this section of the country, or it will not be strong enough in the Middle West. At the same time, it will not be necessary to nominate an Eastern man for that purpose. Governor Roosevelt doubtless satisfies more of the conditions that are thought to be important than any of the other Eastern candidates for the Vice-Presidency, and of all Eastern men he would be strongest in the West. A year ago he was the most dramatic figure of the war, and, although the popular enthusiasm may not now be so easily fired as it was when the recently returned "Rough Rider" was a candidate for Governor, there is no man of the army who can appeal so strongly as he to the popular imagination. I am speaking of him, let it be understood, simply as a candidate and a politician. I am not considering his merits as a soldier, but the value of his popular reputation.

Of the other Eastern candidates, Secretary Long is the only man who has had any real political experience. He has been several times Governor of Massachusetts, a fairly efficient member of the House of Representatives, and is now Secretary of the Navy. It is not difficult to understand his successes or his failures. He is an amiable man generally, and he is master of the politician's arts. Although he is at the head of the Navy Department, he is little thought of in connection with it. He is not very strong in his own State. If he were he would have been spoken of for the Senatorship long ago. It is true that his name has been mentioned for a future seat in that body, but not confidently. Although he would add little strength to the McKinley ticket, he would not weaken it, and he would make an admirable presiding officer of the Senate.

Mr. Long's name is mentioned on account of his connection with the war, but McKinley's own war record cannot be emphasized by means of the second nomination unless the candidate be one who has actually taken part in the conflict either

GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS — HENRY MOORE TELLER

as soldier or sailor. Sailors do not seem to take naturally to politics, and, as to soldiers, the wars have been too short and of too little relative importance as wars to breed any single distinguished man whose fame as a soldier is not only great but probably enduring. By far the ablest soldier spoken of is General F. V. Greene, but the mention of his name does not seem to be taken seriously. Probably General Greene himself does not care to be taken seriously, and doubtless if he has political ambitions he does not desire to gratify them and end them in a single effort.

The names of ex-Secretary Bliss and of Secretary Root have been suggested. Mr. Root, however, seems to have been dropped at his own request. Probably, if he were nominated for Vice-President and Roosevelt were re-nominated for Governor, the Republicans would have as strong a position in the State of New York as mere nominations could give them. Mr. Bliss would not be nearly so strong as Mr. Root, who, as Secretary of War, has been a brilliant figure of the Cabinet, outshining every one except Secretary Hay. Probably Mr. Root is the only member of McKinley's Cabinet whose nomination would strengthen the ticket, if any nomination can do that. His wishes, however, are likely to govern.

There ought to be no reason for discussing the chances of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff of New York, and I shall assume that the well-known rule of equity obtains.

It is said that Senator Elkins of West Virginia is favored by Mr. Hanna, and there is political reason for his selection, and for the selection of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana. Both are said to be wealthy, and both come from States which are doubtful. In 1896, McKinley carried Indiana by 18,181 plurality and West Virginia by 11,487. It is certain, however, that if Elkins should be nominated the old Star Route scandals would be revived. The nomination of a conservative man of the Middle West would do no harm in the East; it would meet the essential requirement of this part of the country. After all, it probably makes little difference whom the Republicans nominate so long as he does not bring ridicule or scandal upon the ticket. The party must stand or fall by McKinley and his policy.

The Democrats ought evidently to be concerned on the subject of their Vice-Presidential candidate. It is next in importance to that of their platform. They can make it a guarantee of good faith if they write a platform which does not insist upon the follies of 1896. With Bryan at the head of the ticket, it is evident that the main struggle will be in the Middle West, but it cannot be carried on there by the Democratic party with much hope of success unless its ticket is stronger in the East than it was four years ago.

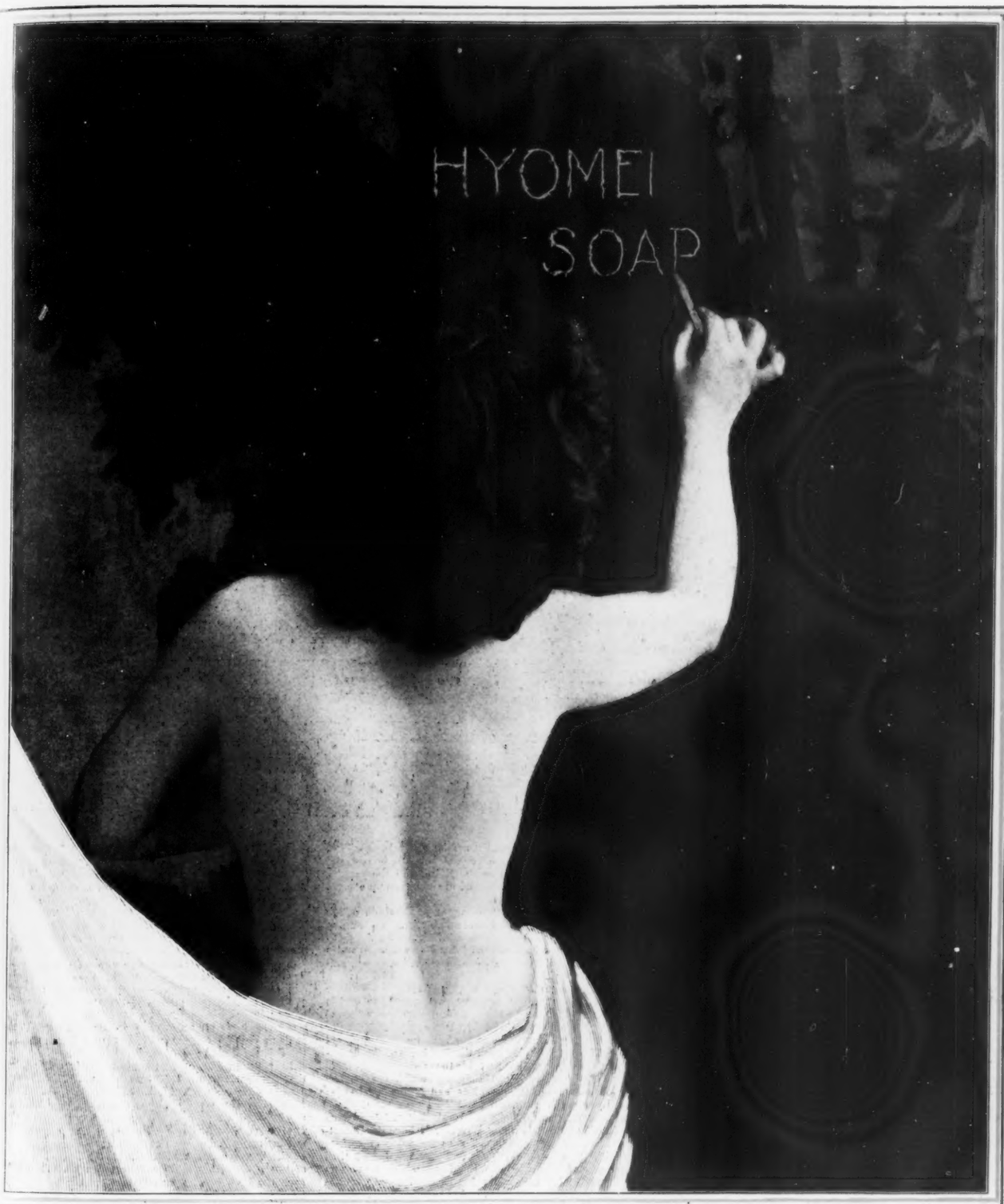
The nomination of Chief-Justice Parker of New York is talked of. Whether Chief-Justice Parker would leave his present office for that of the Vice-Presidency is doubtful. He certainly would not do so willingly. But he would be a

FRANCIS VINTON GREENE — CUSHMAN KELLOGG DAVIS

strong candidate, and, to the minds of many Democrats, a much stronger candidate for the Presidency than Mr. Bryan. In truth, if a great wave of sanity should sweep over the Kansas City convention something like Judge Parker's nomination to the Presidency would follow. His ability is excellent and his character is high, while he accepted Bryan in 1896. His strength in New York is demonstrated by his victory in the election for his present office in 1897. In 1896, McKinley carried the State by a plurality of 268,469. In 1897, Parker carried it against an excellent Republican candidate by a plurality of 60,889.

Naturally, there are a number of silver men, prominent in 1896, who are spoken of. There is George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, whose bitterness and hostility to his old associates would do Bryan infinite harm. A better name than his from Massachusetts is that of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., the last Democratic candidate for Governor of the State. He was voted for at the last election on the issue of imperialism by many, if not most, of the gold Democrats, with the result that Boston was carried by the Democrats, although, in 1896, it had given McKinley a plurality of about 22,000. Other silver men are ex-Vice-President Stevenson and Senator Teller. The nomination of either of these would simply increase the burden which Bryan himself is to the party which he seems to dominate. Besides being a Democrat, or rather an anti-Republican, solely on the silver issue, Mr. Teller is apparently an imperialist, and, therefore, his nomination would prove to most people that the Democratic opposition to McKinley's colonial policy and his Constitutional views is the merest chatter. The same would be true of the nomination of ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, who has declared for imperialism in a newspaper interview, and who, moreover, belongs to that faction of the party once led by Randall, and which has succeeded in defeating every effort made by the party to keep its pledge to reform the tariff.

Of all the names of the Middle West mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination, that of ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio would probably be the most attractive to the men who must be brought to Bryan's support if he is to carry the election.



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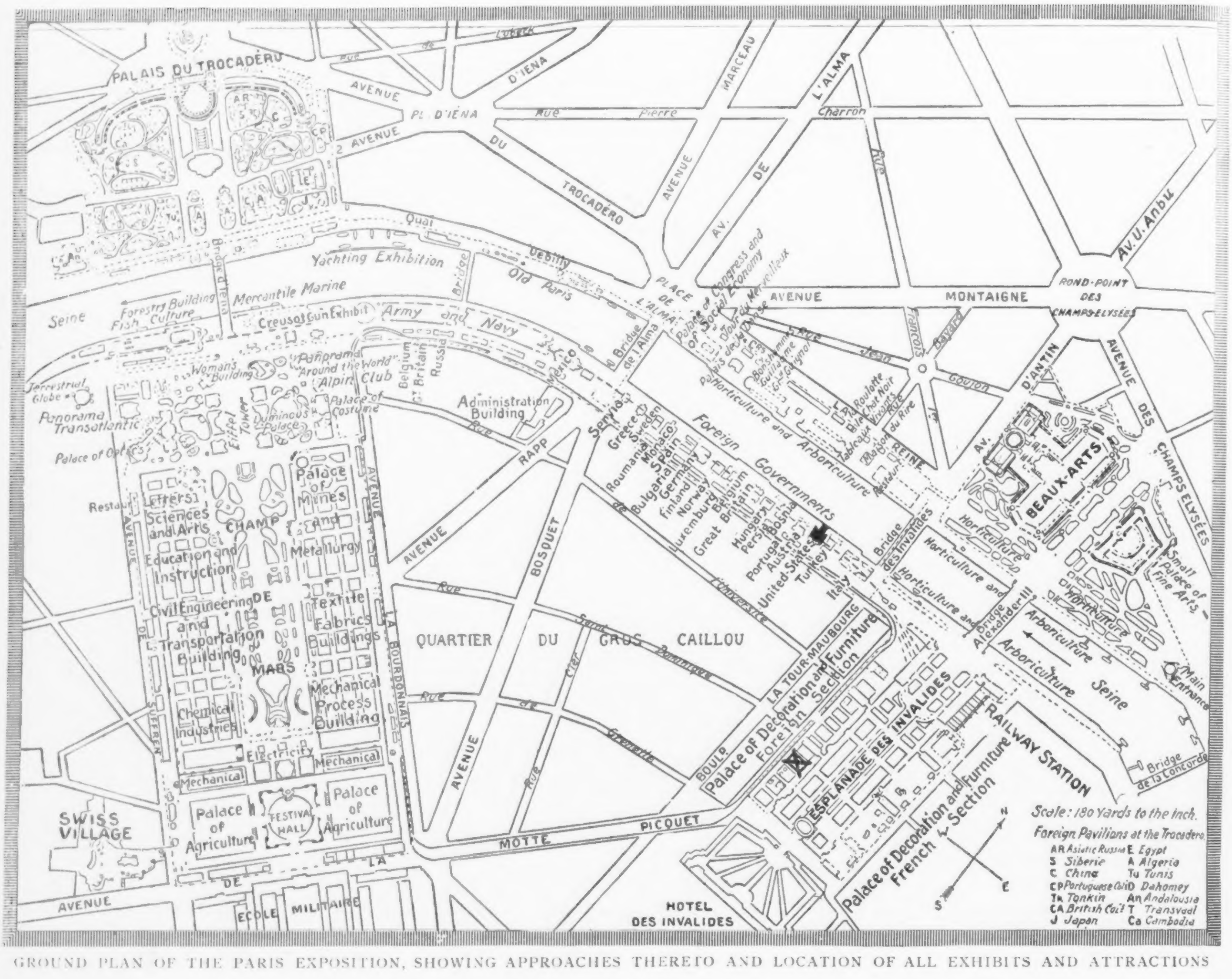

GROUND PLAN OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION, SHOWING APPROACHES THERETO AND LOCATION OF ALL EXHIBITS AND ATTRACTIONS

THE SIGHTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

THE SIGHTS and wonders on view at the Paris Exposition of 1900 will be found distributed over the allotted ground in several main sections.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES—In the southwest corner of the Place de la Concorde is the main entrance to the Exposition. Passing in and taking to the right, a short walk brings one to the Small Palace of Fine Arts (Petit Palais), a historical exhibition of French art. The central hall, resembling a conservatory, is devoted entirely to sculpture, and at the back of the ground floor are to be seen religious relics, ecclesiastical insignia, and church ornaments. A circular gallery contains prehistoric objects, weapons, bronzes, ivories and ceramics, and round a gallery exterior to this are disposed specimens of furniture used in France from the Middle Ages to the reign of Louis XVI. Another gallery is divided into rooms for the exhibition of mosaics, enamels, glassware, medals, coins, seals, hangings, stamped leather, engravings, bookbinding and illuminating. Opposite the Small Palace stands the Large Palace (Grand Palais des Beaux Arts), superbly designed and in part modelled after the Versailles castle, and intended, moreover, to replace the Palais de l'Industrie when the Exposition shall be a thing of the past. Along the whole front of 240 feet runs a cool, shady portico, the back wall of which is covered with paintings—done by M. Fournier—representing Indo-Chinese, Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, Arabian and more modern periods of art. Inside, on the ground floor to the right, are shown French sculpture of the last decade, water-colors, drawings, line engravings, architects' plans. To the left are the fine arts' products of foreign lands, which also occupy the left side of the floor above, whose right is hung with paintings by contemporary French masters. A cosmopolitan collection of statues and busts fills the main floor. Emblematic of the friendship between France and Russia is the Alexander III. Bridge (Pont Alexandre III.), the foundation stone of which was laid by Czar Nicholas II. in 1896.

INVALIDES—Facing the Quai d'Orsay are buildings in which are shown the various processes in the manufacture of porcelain, faience, tiles, ceramics, and so forth. On the left side of the Esplanade—looking toward the Hotel des Invalides—are stationed the exhibits of Interior Decoration and Furniture, comprising mural ornamentation and molding, fine carpentry, carving, upholstery, stuffs, metal-work, cutlery, gold and silver plate, jewelry, and household furniture. These, displayed on the lower floor, are all of French origin, the corresponding articles from abroad being housed on the right side of the Esplanade. On the upper floor, left, are special native manufactures; viz., Sèvres china, Beauvais and Gobelin tapestries, stained windows, leather goods, basket-work, brushes, toys, clocks and watches, and glassware. In contrast hereto, and on the same floor, but on the right-hand side of the Esplanade, are such foreign manufactures as may be similarly classified. Interesting among the annexes in the Invalides division are the reproductions, including costumed attendants, of the popular life and pursuits in ancient Arles and in the historic provinces of Auvergne and Poitou.

CHAMP DE MARS—Near the open end at the Iéna Bridge stands the Eiffel Tower, with surrounding pavilions. Behind the electrical exhibit is the Agricultural Building, for the products and methods and implements of this department, and also for vinticulture, distilling, brewing, all sorts of beverages, animal and vegetable foodstuffs. All imaginable and many unimaginable appliances of electricity, contributed by fourteen nations, are to be found in the place before referred to, and in front of it is the Fountain (Château d'Eau), with a liquid spurt 40 feet skyward, a main basin 80 feet in diameter, and circular tiers of subsidiary basins and gushing cascades. At nightfall multi-colored lights will play upon the flashing waters. Pointing toward the Seine, the first in the right-hand row of "Palaces" is the Mechanical Building, which contains all manner of motor machines, engines and apparatus, besides the contrivances that its name implies. Next come the Textiles, embracing, generally speaking, all materials and garments of male and female wear. Thirdly, we have the Department of Mines and Metallurgy. The opposite line of edifices begins with the Chemical Industries Building. In the Civil Engineering and Transportation Building we find, besides an international display of devices for locomotion—aëronautics not excluded—a library of maps and publications appertaining to the railroads of the world. This huge structure is adjoined by the smaller one erected for the celebration of Education and Instruction—primary, advanced, agricultural, industrial, commercial, technical, and liberal. The last "Palais" in the alignment belongs to Letters, Sciences and Arts, under which comprehensive designation are prominently catalogued typography, musical instruments, books, periodicals, theatrical scenery, costuming, and fire-extinguishers, surgery, optics, and astronomy, geography, land-surveying, photography. Round about the foot of the Eiffel Tower are clustered the Central American, Siamese, Morocco, and San Marino Pavilions; the Woman's Building, the Alpine, Touring, and Automobile Clubs; the Swiss Chalet, Tyrolean Hut, and branch banks of the Crédit Lyonnais and Comptoir National d'Escompte.

TROCADÉRO—In these gardens are established the exhibits of the French Colonies and Protectorates and of those under foreign flags, the two groups being respectively situated to the left and right of the spectator advancing from the Pont d'Iéna to the Palais du Trocadéro. Algiers is represented by two buildings, one on each side of the central pathway, and Madagascar's resources are open to inspection in a circular house behind the aforesaid Palais, whose curving wings fulfil the purpose of annexes to the buildings in the gardens below. The Chinese, Japanese, and Transvaal Pavilions are placed among those of the foreign colonies. No doubt the Transvaal section will command universal attention, since it includes a Boer farm and a gold mining plant in operation. Japan's chief pavilion is a facsimile of the ancient temple of Koudo, dating from the seventh century. In two smaller pavilions tea and saké (an intoxicant) are served, while a third is an emporium for things generally Japanesey. The Dutch West Indies call for particular consideration because Holland does not appear among the national pavilions on the Left River Front. The principal building takes the form of a Hindu temple, of which the original is in Java. Scenes from the life of Buddha are depicted on the walls in bas-relief; in the vestibule are statues of Vishnu and Siva. The other two houses are modelled after native dwellings in the island of Sumatra, and in the basement of one of these native dancing and music may be enjoyed—or endured—and native dishes consumed. Among the dependencies of fair France, Tunis offers richness and variety of color in the public bazaars, and a more spiritual interest in the presence of an actual Mohammedan mosque. Near the Crescent is the Cross, that is to say the Colonial Catholic Missions Building.

LEFT RIVER FRONT—On the left bank of the Seine, between the Invalides and Alma bridges, the pavilions belonging to foreign governments are arrayed in two rows. Excepting from an architectural standpoint, these edifices hardly merit more than a passing glance. But it may be stated that the Hungarian, British, Persian, Norwegian and German pavilions are better fitted out with exhibits than the rest. To the left of the Mexican Pavilion is the Army and Navy Building, and as a specially warlike manifestation we have a selection from the Creusot Gun Factory close at hand. Next door to this sanctuary of Mars a more peaceful and more useful set of articles is contained in the Mercantile Marine Building. Here are to be seen ships and models of all kinds, yachts, canoes, submarine boats, motor machines, life-saving vessels and implements, rafts, pontoons, and so on. The Forestry, Hunting and Fisheries Building is the last on the Left River Front.

RIGHT RIVER FRONT—Across the Seine from the Italian Pavilion is the City of Paris Building. It is somewhat cold and severe and dignified in style; the front walls are decorated with medallions of the city coat-of-arms. The city's library of historical books has been transferred hither, and here the municipal system of Paris may be studied in all its branches, considerable space having been given to the school, police, ambulance, sanitation, sewer, and pawnbroking departments. Horticulture and Arboriculture flourish in three hothouses, made of thick glass bricks and provided with salient bays, from which a fine view of the Seine and the national pavilions is to be obtained. A few steps from the Alma Bridge is the Congress and Social Economy Building, in Louis XVI. style, whose chief purpose is to seat—in six different halls—the deliberative assemblies that may convene during the Exposition.

Of the "SIDE SHOWS," the most unique is the Mareorama, in the Champ de Mars. The spectator is supposed to be aboard a steamer, and the evolutions of the crew, the salt air, and the rolling of the billows are faithfully rendered in the coastwise voyage from Villafranca to Constantinople. *Mal de mer* guaranteed!

LIONEL STRACHEY

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE

"[illegible]R, he was the brightest, the most [illegible]ficient, the most valuable man in his [illegible]ver knew." Who has not heard this [illegible] from a dozen of his business ac[illegible]ns? What employer of skilled labor, [illegible] accountants or salesmen, has not [illegible] regretfully over and over of some [illegible]per on whom he had come to de[illegible] common is the story that one might [illegible] infer some law of nature condemn[illegible] uncommonly proficient to inebriety. [illegible] rate, the fact is there. Eight out of [illegible] business men find it their personal [illegible].

[illegible]bly the truth lies in this axiom of [illegible]: that the more delicate and com[illegible] a machine is, the easier it is impaired. A man's efficiency is determined by the qual[illegible] of his nerve force. The finer the quality, [illegible] better his work—and the greater his dan[illegible]; especially his danger from intoxicants. Your unskilled laborer, working with his muscles, putting no thought into his work, is rarely a dipsomaniac. He may drink to excess periodically; he may be brutalized, [illegible]ensed, thereby, and yet his efficiency when sober be not perceptibly impaired. His demand for stimulants does not therefore become constant and increasing. The man of more delicate nervous fibre—the more valuable man to society—meets with greater disaster. He is thrown further off; he feels it; he makes the effort to get back; and that very effort makes him feel more keenly than ever the need of artificial stimulus. The problem is too pathetically simple after that stage. The business man's little tale is the answer to it.

This drink evil has never been without its earnest students. Good men and women have devoted their lives and means to the cause of temperance. Their method was that of appeal to the drunkard's reason. They preached to him that he was an immoral person and urged him to give up his wicked ways?

Have they succeeded? With no intention to disparage, with every appreciation for the nobility of their aims, with the concession, indeed, that they have actually achieved no small result, it must still be maintained that in a broad sense they have failed—failed most lamentably. They have ably painted the drink-evil in its true colors, so that no intelligent man can to-day be ignorant of what excessive drinking will do for him. Yet, in spite of this presentment, men of the highest intelligence continue to go consciously along to the familiar doom. They know, yet do not stay. Why?

The old-fashioned temperance worker says they will not. Science says they cannot.

Says the first: "They are wicked and perverse, deaf to the voice of reason, decency, self-respect, manhood. They do not exert their will." Says medical science: "They are not wicked, they are not deaf to reason nor to decency. They hear, they would obey, and they suffer the tortures of the damned because they cannot. They do not exert their will for a very simple reason: they have no will."

For the will is not an organ, be it understood, a tangible thing with which we are all equipped alike. It is a function, the function of the nervous system. When this system is impaired, will-power is no longer generated.

Should you, then, continue to urge a man to use something which his impaired system has ceased to produce, or should you repair his system to that end? If the latter appeared reasonable, there would be a problem worth solving; one that would place the solver in the front ranks of genius and humanitarianism.

The problem presented itself substantially in these terms to one Leslie E. Keeley some thirty years ago. The son of a physician and the grandson of a physician, his bent was for medicine. He became himself a physician of the regular school. But from his early school-days he had been especially interested in the phenomena of inebriety. It may have been a fad, at first. It became a life-work. Serving in the Civil War, where he rose to the rank of Major, he found abundant opportunity to continue his researches. When he settled down at Dwight, Illinois, to the practice of his profession, the subject still mastered him. How many those unfortunates to be relieved? The old methods had failed. Was not a new method pointed to by the physiological facts? It began as a suspicion with him, then a belief, then a conviction. The conviction once assured, he clung to it tenaciously. He searched, studied, investigated, experimented. For eight years he served his idea. Then he had his reward. His confident announcement to the world that drunkenness was a curable disease and that he had the cure for it in a treatment was of course scoffed at. But no new-discovered truth ever escaped this fate, so the scoffing had no effect on Dr. Keeley. He went about the work of demonstration with the same systematic methods that had brought him the discovery. He founded an institute for inebriates at Dwight, and the patients came. They were cured, to a degree that was at that time nothing short of miraculous. The news flew all ways. In a little time the institute at Dwight could not accommodate the half that would come to it. Branch houses were established. They were made neither hospitals nor prisons, but homes of the most homelike character. No locks, bars, or padded cells. Nor was the least restraint ever put upon patients, beyond the request that they should not leave the town without permission, and that they would faithfully take the medicines prescribed. Neither were the patients treated as moral offenders, but the reverse. They were made to understand that they were all right, except for their disease, which was to be cured.

To-day there are sixty Keeley Institutes in the United States as against the single institute founded by Dr. Keeley at Dwight in 1891. These are bare, dry figures. Who can read in them the service to the nation, the family and the individual, to the present and to all future generations? And to the familiar tale of the employer: "He was my best worker until he went to pieces from drink," may now be added a sequel if he wishes it: "Then I sent him to one of those Keeley Institutes, because I thought it was a good investment, and it was. He came out a sound man, having neither desire, craving nor necessity for stimulants. And if we would all learn to do this, we would save a lot of good men, that can't be duplicated."

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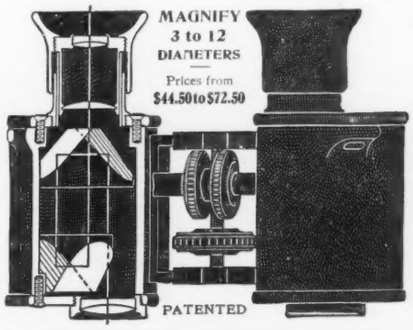

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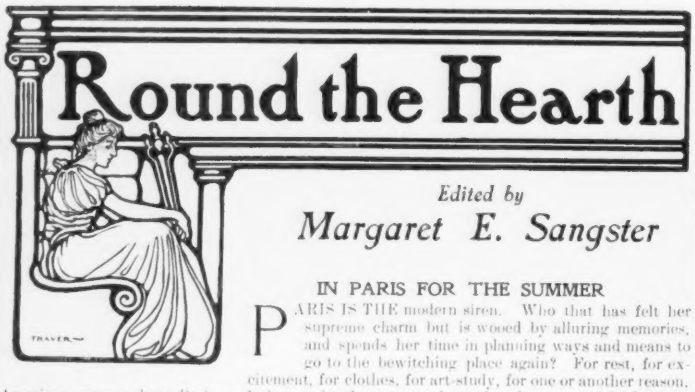

Round the Hearth

Edited by
Margaret E. Sangster

IN PARIS FOR THE SUMMER

PARIS IS THE modern siren. Who that has felt her supreme charm but is wooed by alluring memories, and spends her time in planning ways and means to go to the bewitching place again? For rest, for excitement, for clothes, for art-study, for one or another reason, American women love Paris, and those who do not yet know her have one of life's great pleasures in store. Thousands of usually home-staying women will go abroad for the first time this season, and they may find useful the directions of an experienced traveller as to the steamer trip, and in reference to the Exposition itself. With certain individual differences, all expositions of arts and industries have many points and features in common, so that she who has gone about to our own centennials, world's fairs, and sectional expositions, will not be quite a novice when she ventures upon the labyrinth of beauty in Paris this bright summer of 1900.

Not a woman's building, but a woman's palace will be set apart for feminine handicraft and feminine authorship and artistic skill, to display their attainments and excellence at Paris. The people in authority very frankly say that they borrowed the idea from Chicago.

It is to be regretted that the proposed meeting of the federation of women's clubs, to have been held in Paris in July, has had to be given up on account of conflicting dates. There are so many proposed conventions and congresses, and this will be such a wonderful opportunity to get a consensus of opinion on various subjects of international interest, that there are not days enough in the summer for all that might be done. The women were to have had a banquet, for which, by the way, the stay-at-homes were taxed, or perhaps we should say were glad to contribute to. At this function topics of interest to women would have been fully discussed. This very interesting and undoubtedly profitable meeting is not to be further considered.

The animal protection societies of the world will meet through delegates in Paris, in the hall of the Societe National d'Horticulture de France, Tuesday, July 16, and continue until Saturday, July 20, inclusive. People interested in humane work are looking forward to this congress with the keenest anticipation, and it is hoped that many important matters relative to animal protection may be brought to the attention of those in authority, in order that there may be more laws enacted in this cause. Many women are deeply interested, and take a personal share in this much needed work of kindness.

ON THE STEAMER

THE DAY has gone by when it is possible to wear only very old clothes on the steamer, tossing them away at the end of the voyage. Though old clothes are worn—clothes that will not be spoiled by the damp or the splash of an occasional wave—they must always be nice clothes. Especially should the shoes be in good condition, since they are always in evidence. On a steamer chair they are the most conspicuous parts of one's costume. No extremes in hats should be followed, and the fashion of wearing soft felt hats and yachting caps never prevails among those who "know." The amateur traveller is apt to disport in one of them, and the young girl who likes to get herself up. The best dressed women wear simple hats without feathers or plumes, differing but little from an ordinary travelling bonnet. Two things should be avoided in choosing such a hat—a brim so wide that all the winds would be caught, and any projection in the back which would prevent resting one's head on the steamer chair.

In these days a nice blouse is always carried. For the custom of those who are able to go in to the dining-room at night is to make some change of dress. The same skirt may be worn, but the hair is always rearranged, and a nice blouse is put on. This gives a pretty and gay effect to the room, and always pleases the captain, especially when one sits at his table. Indeed, it is always done by those who sit there.

Since the habit is to walk the deck daily, one's dress should not be long, and an ulster is far less comfortable than a short jacket, which does not blow about one's legs. A golf cape is almost a necessity for those who do not carry a host of articles. This can be left on the steamer chair, when it is not cold enough to wear it in walking the deck. Then when one sits down again it is ready to slip about the shoulders. A hot water bag is indispensable, and a steamer rug a necessity. It is idle to try and do without these. Chairs of course can be rented on the deck, and one no longer needs to be burdened with the care. A shawl strap is another necessity, since one's rug must be tied up and carried. One or two small pillows, for tucking under the head and behind the back, are almost as indispensable as the water bag. Some persons prefer the rubber pillows, which are blown up when used, and which are always prettily covered. But when one is inclined to be shaky at sea, blowing up such a bag is more than one can do on certain days. These things—the rugs, the hot water bottle, the golf cape, the cushions, and any books one may mean to read, together with the umbrellas—should always be strapped together when one starts, and again when one lands. Great trouble is saved by making a list beforehand, limiting one's impedimenta to the indispensable requisites, and, if one have only herself to depend upon, cultivating a habit of order and neatness when limited to the narrow spaces of the stateroom.

In a steamer trunk, besides the underclothes one wears on a voyage, there should always be placed an entire set of fresh ones to be worn on landing, for the universal custom is to dress for that occasion. Some persons carry into their staterooms a band-box, in which to keep their best hats, so that on landing they may be fresh. A wise plan, and one adopted by all experienced travellers, is to put one's things in order before the vessel sails. Afterward, with the motion of the vessel, one can often do little. Therefore the brushes and combs and the shoes and cloaks are laid out, the best dress placed in the trunk, and the steamer dress put on. The wall pockets are filled, and when everything is done, the trunk is pushed under the berth, not to be brought out again for a week. The more systematically all this is done, and the clothes for landing arranged, the better for one in every way. Those on a first voyage seldom understand this important point.

An address book is almost indispensable to every woman going to Europe. If she has friends who can give her the names of reliable shops and hotels, half her battle for needful possessions is won. Very often these address books, already filled, are given as presents by one friend to another who is sailing, and nothing is ever more acceptable. When a voyage is smooth enough for the making of new acquaintances on deck, these books are often passed from one to another, and many important additions are made, most travellers being amiable about imparting their knowledge of strange places. These addresses should not be entered under names, which are easily forgotten when looked for, but under headings like these—gloves, shoes, lodgings, restaurants, dressmaker (cheap), milliner (honest).

HOW TO LIVE IN COMFORT

WOMEN having little money to spend when determining to go to Paris this summer will prove their wisdom by not going into pensions. American travellers universally declare pensions, however cheap, to be more expensive than ordinary hotels. Extras multiply daily, until the sum of them amounts to appalling proportions, and one finds one's self charged for the most unexpected offices. There are few conveniences and no baths. Then, too, one's meals must be paid for whether they are eaten or not. The conscientious but ill-advised traveller who returns to lunch from a distant part of the city finds herself not only wearied by the jaunt, and irritated by the loss of time and the interruptions to her pursuits, but just so much more out of pocket, having had to pay for coming back.

Visitors to the Exposition would find this constant travelling back and forth for meals especially trying, as persons found it at Chicago, when the World's Fair was held there.

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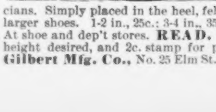

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Both time and strength were squandered in getting to the grounds from the heart of the city. The price of anything to eat in any fair grounds is always double that outside; the tips are higher, and the traps to catch the unwary dollar are generally of the most alluring kind. All these points are worth remembering, since they help make one's life the easier afterward.

The best way when two or three women are together, and the way generally recommended by American students who have lived for a long time in Paris, and who know all its ins and outs, is to hire a room somewhere, taking one's breakfasts at home and one's other meals outside. Breakfast in Paris never consists of more than coffee and rolls, and this is easily prepared in one's room, the rolls, butter and milk being left at one's door, as among us. In this way not only is a certain amount of privacy secured, but of comfort as well. One can be more economical too about clothes. A young American woman who spent the winter in Paris on a limited amount of money writes that this question of clothes is one by no means to be ignored. She first tried living in a pension, then went to a small hotel. She found that by having her coffee in her room, and by not being obliged to go downstairs early in the morning to take it, as she did in a pension, that one dressing for the day sufficed her. She never left her room until half-past eleven. By that time her letters were written, her necessary stitches taken, and her affairs put in order. By that time, too, she could dress for the afternoon; and, as the Paris day is never said to begin for its women until noon, and then only to consist of an afternoon and a night, she found that on her little sum and her few clothes she could get on very well.

Paris is a city of restaurants. Those of the more expensive kind are well known to most travellers. Few persons, however, except those who have lived in Paris and studied its ways and means, have any idea of the provision made for men and women of small means and fastidious tastes. Lone women, of course, want first of all to know whether any place which seems to promise what they want is respectable. Such women need never fear going into any restaurant marked "Duval." There are perhaps fifty places bearing that name in Paris. Everything in them is scrupulously clean. Young women wearing a pretty uniform wait on the tables. The cooking is unexceptional. For a few cents a most delicious soup is procurable, and nothing on the menu is beyond the reach of simple purses. For twenty-five cents one can dine both well and comfortably. One of the merits which American students always award the Duval restaurants lies in the fact that nobody at a Duval restaurant attempts to gouge a stranger. As one woman put it, "They are safe from cheating, safe for women alone, and safe for the digestion."

A woman is also safe in going into creameries, which are always marked. These, too, are scrupulously clean, though of course some are better than others. One can take one's milk in these places, eat one's rolls, and get eggs. Many students patronize these altogether for certain meals, although the ordinary traveller knows nothing of them.

At the American Girl's Club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse, when it is too full to house an extra visitor, women, both young and old, will find themselves kindly received and graciously assisted in selecting homes. The lady in charge, who is always ready to assist the stranger, knows the addresses of any number of places where they may be safely quartered. If any young woman should find herself unexpectedly alone in Paris, she would do well to remember the name and address of this club. Much has been written about it; but better than any published statement about its value is the voluntary testimony which women who have been sheltered there universally bear to the kindness of her who has the club in charge. A woman is generally safe in appealing to her bankers for names and addresses.

AMERICAN NEEDLEWORK AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BY MRS. L. BARTON WILSON

On February 1, a very representative collection of needlework was shipped from New York to Paris to be displayed at the Exposition. It was very gratifying to know, when the large zinc-lined chest was ready, that American embroidery, which term is fast coming to mean something naturally characteristic, was so well represented by the contributions. The committee experienced various difficulties in getting this collection together, for the workers of reputation from whom embroideries were solicited were naturally slow to respond, since it must be conceded that the sending of work of merit to fairs is a far greater advantage to the expositions than to the exhibitors. However, the best workers came forward bravely in the end to sustain and add to our reputation. It was near the end indeed, and after the call had become loud enough to be generally heard, and brought, with the rest, a deluge of paper flowers and the like, somewhat amusing and slightly embarrassing.

This satisfactory result was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who was determined that our work, if it went, should have a fair showing and a proper setting at the Exposition. It would not be surprising if the French, accustomed for centuries to the most exquisite needlework, made possible by the patronage of the Church, expected little of America in this line. Anyway, it was for a time doubtful as to the position which would be accorded our work. Finally it was decided that we should have a large glass case well situated in the Textile Department. When this was settled, the embroiderers responded. The inducements were further added to by the assurance that the window trimmer of a large department store would arrange the work in the case on its arrival in Paris! Alas, that was a bit of Americanism on the trade basis, and the artists felt a twinge, which, however, was allayed by the knowledge that Mrs. Susan Gale Cooke would install the embroideries. Mrs. Cooke, whose work as secretary of the Woman's Board of the World's Columbian Exposition Commission, is well known; and American women are gratified that she is on the United States Commission to Paris.

The exhibits of embroidery come under the Textile Department, of which Mr. John H. McGibbout is director. As there is to be no "Woman's Building" at the Paris Exposition, Mrs. Cooke works for the interests of women in all departments. Woman's work is to be entered at this Exposition on its own merits, and it is to stand side by side with men's work there to take its chance of recognition. Certainly this is far more rational than setting it apart to be judged by some questionable standard. The conclusion we must draw from a woman's building is either that woman's work is inferior and a sort of curiosity, or else that she considers it superior, and not to be mixed with the rest. This was cutely illustrated by a question of a very dear but simple old lady at the Chicago Fair: "What building is this?"—"The 'Woman's Building.'"—"And where is the man's building?" Since either conclusion would be wrong, we have no doubt that the standpoint is wrong to begin with. It is well then that woman's work is to stand or fall for what it is worth at Paris.

Contributions to the collection of needlework which went to Paris were from individuals, convents, decorative art societies, and others interested in home art. Among the prominent pieces of work was the hand-made tapestry, the miraculous draught of fishes, made by the associated artists. We refrain from criticisms upon the collection as a whole until it has been passed upon at Paris. When it returns we hope it may be with a laurel crown, in which case it may be wise to show it as a collection to the public.

LACE IN SUMMER COSTUMES

Lace is appearing in very general and profuse use in the gowns of the season. Sometimes a waist and sleeves are covered all over with white or black lace, showing the foundation color through the open pattern; sometimes flounces and ruffles of lace finish a skirt, and, again, a skirt is hidden beneath an overdress entirely of lace. To renew a last summer's gown, nothing can be more convenient, nor more satisfactory, while it is needless to say that the woman who does not love lace, and is not pleased to walk forth in a glory of it, is an anomaly. Of course, a whole toilet of real hand-made lace would cost a fortune, but imitations in these days counterfeit the real so finely that only an expert can easily discriminate between the original and the copy. No one is expected to buy real lace for an ordinary summer costume; hence to wear a good imitation is perfectly proper and not in the least vulgar.

FOR OUTDOOR USE

Every woman from seventeen to seventy should have in her wardrobe a gown for the rainy day and a gown for street wear and for walking on country roads. This dress should be short enough to absolutely clear the ground, so that the wearer need never be afraid that her skirt is somewhere dipping into mud or trailing in dust, and also that she need not be at any pains to hold it up. A woman's hands should be free to carry a parasol, a sketchbook or a parcel without an everlasting frantic clutch at a dragging skirt. The petticoat under the dress should be shorter still, and should be of a stout material, not given to cracking and tearing. Whatever may be fashion's dictum as to long dresses for indoor wear, and in that use they are graceful and elegant; for service in the rain, for exercise out-of-doors, whether on the golf links, or in the tennis court, or for mere ordinary walking, a woman needs a short skirt, and she should have sufficient independence to wear one. A young woman in a business office should adopt a sensibly short costume, a little longer than the one used by golfers and bicyclers, but always a couple of inches above the floor and the ground.

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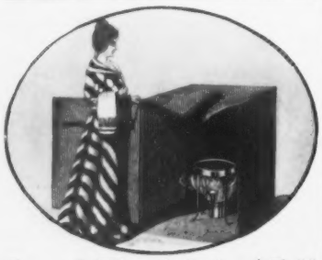

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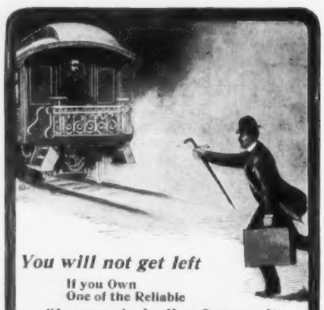

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THE AGE OF EXPOSITIONS

It seems peculiarly appropriate that the last year of the nineteenth century should end with another great exposition at Paris. The age of expositions began with the industrial exhibitions held at Paris in 1798, 1801, 1802 and 1806. Under the Restoration there were three, and three, too, under Louis Philippe. Before this time there had been great fairs, such as the famous Russian fair at Nijni-Novgorod or the Leipziger Messe in Germany; but these were annual gatherings of traders rather than exhibitions of modern industry. The first great exposition in a modern sense was the great Crystal Palace Show in London at the opening of the Victorian reign, followed in quick order by the great Paris Exposition of 1862, and by the first American World's Fair in New York. Then came the second exhibitions of London and Paris and the Exposition of Vienna, with the great Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, followed within a space of two years by the third Paris Exposition. After this there was a constant succession of minor expositions in Belgium, Holland and Hungary, down to the fourth Paris Exposition of 1889, with its Eiffel Tower, and the great World's Fair at Chicago, which lagged along one year after the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The success of this monster show was so great that a number of American cities followed suit with expositions at Atlanta, Sioux City, Nashville and Omaha. The immediate incentive for the present fifth French Exposition was typically French. After the last Paris Exposition and the Chicago Fair, Germany, too, wanted to have an exhibition of its own, and it was arranged that the next should be held at Berlin at the turn of the century. As soon as this project was broached abroad Paris went wild and worked up a boom for a counter exposition. Within a few weeks there was nothing left of the German project, and now Paris is enjoying the fruits of her spoil.

ARMS AND THE MAN

Mother: "I am afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his intentions."

Daughter: "He is awfully bashful, you know; but he is offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."

IS THIS A RECORD?

The professor was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he stopped suddenly, and exclaimed: "There! I've come away and left my watch."

"Let's go back and get it," suggested the friend.

"No; I don't believe we shall have time," said the professor, and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added, "No, there won't be enough time."

Then he pressed on toward the station, saying: "Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch."

A RUSKIN SLANDER

George Trevelyan, in London, tells this story on Ruskin. Once, while walking with a lady, Trevelyan met Ruskin. In the hope that the latter might say something characteristic he addressed the great man, asking him if he had heard the news. "What news?" was the reply. "Plevna has fallen." "Plevna? I never heard of it. I know nothing later than the fourteenth century."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"Ha, ha!" he cried, with a bitter sneer, as he suddenly revealed himself to the beautiful girl, "I have found you out at least."

"No," she remarked, calmly; "but you will the next time you call."

THACKERAY'S NOSE

In writing of Thackeray the author of the latest recollections of the novelist confesses to an awkward blunder of her own. Dining at the same house with the novelist one night, she sat next to Venables. Noticing that he seemed to be well acquainted with the great man, she suddenly said to him: "Can you tell me whether the malformation of Mr. Thackeray's nose is natural or the result of an accident?" To the lady's surprise Venables was much disturbed, and finally said, stammering, "It was injured in an accident at school." "After dinner," says Lady Dorothy, "I asked some one what harm there could have been in my inquiry and was told in return that Mr. Venables had been the boy who had broken Thackeray's nose in a fight!"

THE WIRES WERE CROSSED

Hotel Man (who thinks he is calling down his butcher): "Say, I am shy a heart and a liver, eight ribs and a shoulder. Now I want 'em right away."

Railway Office (which has been connected by mistake): "Sorry, sir, but the wreck has been cleared up."

No. 68, as built in Trenton, N. J., cost $2950

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Dentist: "Did it hurt?"

Victim: "You bet!"

Dentist: "Fifty cents, please."

Victim: "But your notice says no charge for extracting without pain."

Dentist: "Ah, but you admitted that it hurt!"

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE VISITOR to the Paris Exposition will see some curious exhibits in connection with the South African exhibit, among them models of mines containing ore glittering with diamonds and gold.

It is commonly supposed that diamonds and gold constitute the backbone of South Africa's mineral riches. As a matter of fact, nearly every mineral known to science and nearly every precious stone used by the jeweller are found in that country. In truth, South Africa is a mass of mineral from the Cape to the Zambesi River.

In the Kimberley district and east to Bloemfontein, diamonds and natural iron abound. To the northwest of this district are the Witwatersrand gold fields. On the Vaal and Orange Rivers magnificent asbestos, some of it six feet long, can be had for the trouble of digging.

Silver exists in all parts of the country, but is mined only near Pretoria. Copper has been mined in Namaqualand since the seventeenth century, and recently fine deposits have been found in Mashonaland.

Lead is found in conjunction with other metals in all parts. Zinc exists in the Malmani district and antimony has been mined near Barberton. Tin is being mined at great profit in Swazieland, twenty-one pounds of the pure metal being taken from every ton of ore. Quicksilver has been discovered in the north of the Transvaal.

Mica can be found in the Zoutpansburg district, between the Selati and Great Letaba Rivers. Salt is plentiful at Uitenhage, in the Cape Colony, at Craddock and near Bloemfontein. In Rhodesia sulphur is being mined and in Natal oil has just been discovered. Nitrate deposits have been located in the Doornberg Mountains.

Besides diamonds, amethysts, beryls, garnets, sapphires, opals, olivines, topazes, carnelians, tourmalines, rubies and turquoises have been found.

JUST AS GOOD

"BOOK WORM: "Have you a copy of 'Fifteen Decisive Battles'?"

Sales Lady: "No; but I've got 'Recollections of a Married Man.'"

FEMININE BEAUTY

HE: "Of course, ladies are much handsomer than men."

She: "Naturally."

He: "No, artificially."

AMERICA AND THE SULTAN

CAPTAIN LLOYD GRISCOM, our chargé d'affaires at the Yildiz Kiosk since Minister Strauss resigned, tells this story of the Sultan's latest trouble with America.

The other day a pretty American girl, smartly dressed and smart enough to boot, arrived in Constantinople on board the *Auguste Victoria*. She had not been long in the city before she did that for which many a dutiful subject of the Sublime Porte has lost his head in times not far past. Like other visitors, she went to see the Sultan go to worship in the Mosque one Friday. Finding that from her carriage she could obtain but a poor glimpse of the procession, she promptly climbed a tree, and thence obtained an excellent view of the proceedings. Her camera came into use, and the result was an excellent set of views of the Mosque and the Sultan riding up to the great door. She was immediately spotted by a policeman on the lookout for such deadly weapons as cameras. He immediately ordered her down, explaining that tree-climbing and cameras are "yassak." As this dread word seemed to have no effect on the young lady, the policeman tried to explain, and the crowd tried to help him. In the middle of the dispute the Sultan rode up along with his brilliant staff and five thousand picked soldiers. After fruitless expostulation the glittering monarch and his discomfited soldiers rode away, swearing by the prophet that the American girl must be an emissary of Eblis. It is not often that the Sultan is thwarted in this manner.

AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING

From the Chicago "Daily News"

"I'M AFRAID," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

"Well," she replied, "Abel was killed by a club, and your club will be the death of you if you don't come home oftener."

ONLY AUTOMATIC ENDLESS SPRING REEL from which it is possible to withdraw line after it is wound up—no "throw off" to forget. Not an open line spool—no chance for line to jump. In winding, simply turn the drum. No "nickel, alarm clock key" to catch line or fingers. The main spring will "unhook" by releasing ratchet, so that reel can "run down" without danger of breaking. Accomplishes everything that any other reel can and has advantages that no other reel possesses. To operate, tie your line on and pull it out as usual. When you wish to retrieve the line, press the lever. You can adjust the "pull" of the reel by turning the main spring drum. No fish can give it the slip, and when you once have used a "Martin" you will have no other.

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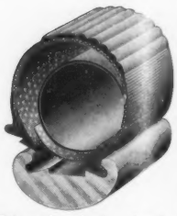

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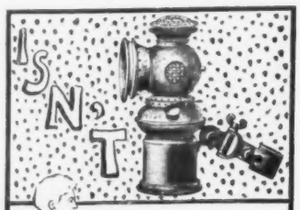

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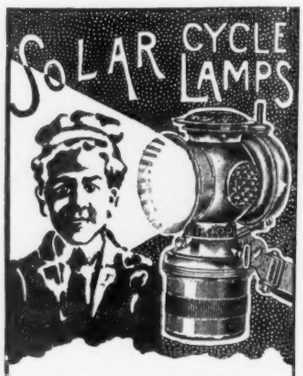

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ATHLETICS IN FRANCE

RECORDS AND PLANS FOR THE EXPOSITION

By GEORGE W. ORTON

WE HAVE heard so much the past three years of the degeneracy of the French nation and their lack of stamina, both morally and physically, that it should be a pleasure to hear of something which promises better things for them. If we look at the ever-increasing athletic activity in France, and consider the ultimate effects of this physical tonic, we shall have a pleasing subject. A French writer, referring to the development of athletics throughout his native land, especially in reference to the Racing Club of France, says of the latter: "It is the soul, the heart and the example of that movement of physical expansion which has drawn in its train all the youth of France and from which Monsieur Hugues Le Roux and so many others with him justly await the regeneration of the race." Athletics, training, the discipline of the body and the careful régime which training requires, encourage and bring forth those sturdy qualities of mind and body which are the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon, and in which our French brothers are chiefly lacking. It is, therefore, no fanciful stretch of the imagination to consider the immensely growing interest in athletics throughout the whole of France as a sign of the reawakening and the regeneration for which all true Frenchmen are sighing; and that this interest may be the main factor in that movement.

Previous to 1881, France had horse-racing, rowing, lawn-tennis, yachting, fencing and gymnastics. From the earliest times we hear of the skill of the French with the sword or rapier. But all of these sports were in a languishing condition, and the people took but little interest in them. In the year 1881 the Racing Club of France was organized, and this can be taken as the beginning of amateur athletics in that country. Two or three years later, the Stade Française was organized. Last summer France formed her first golf club, while polo leaped into prominence and popularity in the International polo matches played at Trouville last August.

Of the purely athletic sports the greatest strides have been made in swimming and football. Association football is played, and there are no professional teams, all belonging to the U. S. F. S. A.

The Rugby game has as yet but little foothold in France, Association being much the more popular, as is the case in England.

Great development is also seen in track and field athletics, of which we wish to treat somewhat at length. The first club, as noted above, was formed eighteen years ago, and a history of the Racing Club of France, its pioneer organization, would be practically a history of French amateur athletics.

The impulse came indirectly from England, and that country has always had great influence upon the sport. This fact,

M. GRISEL, FANCY JUMPER, OF THE "RACING CLUB OF FRANCE"

however, made many enemies for athletics, as any observer must have noted the marked hostility in France to anything English. The secretary of this club, M. Andre Lemonnier, writes in a recent letter: "It is hardly a dozen years since track athletics have been practiced seriously in France. Thus, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that the French athletes have not yet reached the records of the English and the Americans. And then they have one great disadvantage, viz., the military service. At the age of twenty-one, this turns them from the track for one or two years; that is to say, precisely at the time in which the good runner or sprinter reveals himself or reaches his best form. Thus, almost all the French athletes are very young, from eighteen to twenty-one years of age.

In remarking upon the retarding effect of the conscription, M. Lemonnier speaks the simple truth. In both France and Germany, the compulsory military service has withdrawn from the amateur ranks many of their most promising men. With this service in view, many of the young athletes retire prematurely from athletics, as they cannot hope to do their best work prior to entering the army. In the army there is at present no sport.

Before looking at the best records of the French athletes, we must remember that not only are the tracks on grass and sometimes very poor, but that in many instances the system of training is very crude. The men have had poor models, and their ideals are of a lower standard than those in England and America, where so many champion athletes and world's record-holders are seen. Considering all that is said above, we should rather be surprised than disappointed at the following record performances. These are the best records made by Frenchmen in France. Several English and American athletes, while in France, have done better times for the various distances, but these are not counted by the French association.

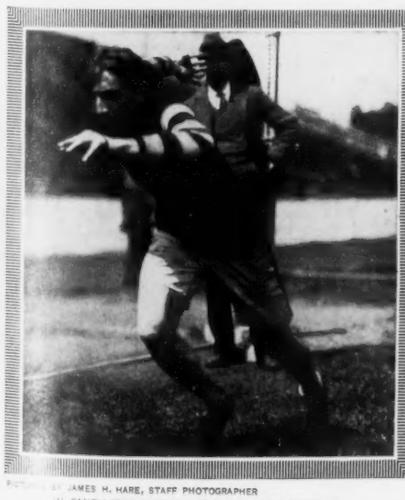
FRENCH RECORDS IN TRACK ATHLETICS

100 metres (109.36 yards), A. Tournois, 1892, 10 9-10 s.
400 metres (437.44 yards), R. Widmer, 1898, 50 3-5 s.
800 metres (874.88 yards), M. Soalhat, 1896, 2 m. 1 s.
1500 metres (1640.40 yards), A. Lermusiaux, 1896, 4 m. 10 2-5 s.
1 mile, A. Lermusiaux, 1896, 4 m. 37 2-5 s.
4000 metres (4374.40 yards), A. Lermusiaux, 1895, 12 m. 46 1-5 s.
3 miles, A. Lermusiaux, 1895, 15 m. 17 1-5 s.
17 kilometres 122 metres (10 miles, 1120 yards), E. Touguet, 1897, 1 h.
110 metres, hurdles (120.3 yards), E. J. Lecuyer, 1897, 17 s.
A. K. Klingelhoefer, 1897, 17 s.
400 metres, hurdles (437.44 yards), H. Tauzin, 1897, 59 s.
16 pound shot, E. Kurtz, 1897, 10 metres 72 (35 ft. 2 in.).
Broad jump, H. Gluckowski, 1897, 6 metres 32 (20 ft. 7 in.).
High jump, G. Widmer, 1899, 1 metre 75 (5 ft. 7 3-8 in.).
Pole vault, A. Gontier, 1898, 3 metres (9 ft. 8 1-2 in.).
Throwing the discus, M. Lebegue, 1899, 32 metres 64 (107 ft. 3-4 in.).

L. W. BOYNTON (CORNELL) THROWING THE HAMMER

J. F. CREGAN (PRINCETON) STARTING IN LAST RELAY OF TWO-MILE RACE

J. F. CREGAN (PRINCETON) WINNING TWO-MILE RELAY RACE



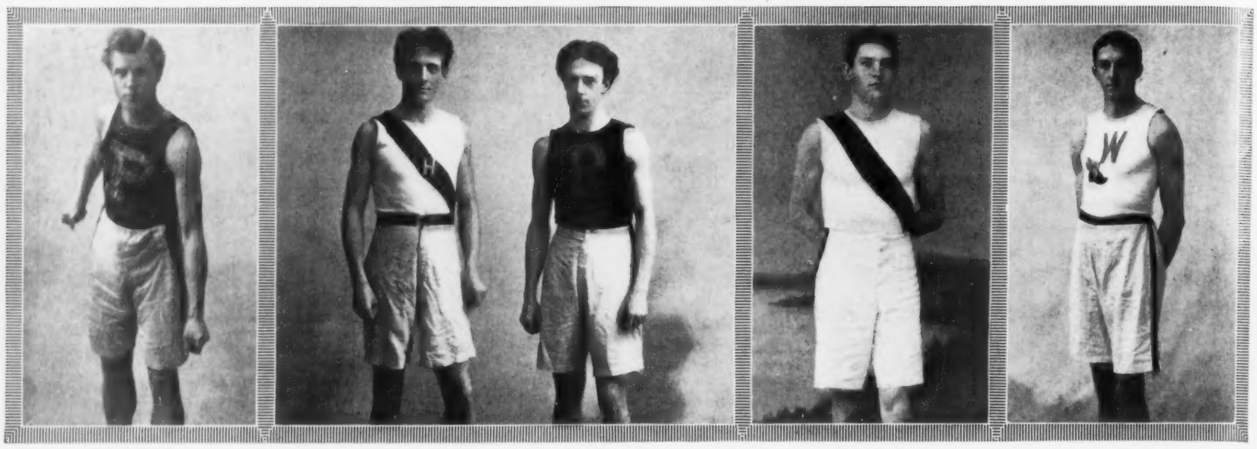
PHOTOS BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

W. SMITH (PENNSYLVANIA) BEING COACHED IN ONE-MILE RELAY RACE

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETES PRACTICING ON FRANKLIN FIELD

T. T. HARE (PENNSYLVANIA) THROWING THE HAMMER

"TRYING OUT" FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION ATHLETIC GAMES AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE RELAY RACES AT PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 28



GEORGE W. ORTON, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA — DICK GRANT, HARVARD UNIVERSITY — ALEX. GRANT, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA — JOHN F. CREGAN, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY — JOHN BRAY, WILLIAMS COLLEGE

AMERICAN ATHLETES WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE RACE FOR NATIONS AT THE ATHLETIC GAMES, AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

The records for the 110 metres, 400 metres, the mile, and the hour are creditable and entitle these men to rank as good at their distances. All of these were made on the grass track of the Racing Club of France in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. This track is slightly upgrade in the stretch, which would neutralize any advantage the French sprinter would have because of their lax manner of starting, in which a clever man will always beat the pistol.

On this track have appeared many famous athletes. The Manhattan team which visited England several years ago competed here. Cary, the old Manhattan A. C. and Princeton College crack, electrified the Frenchmen by his fast sprinting, while the other members of the team set up standards in various events toward which the French athletes have been resolutely climbing. Some of these they have surpassed already.

Last year, the South African team caused a sensation, while for several years various English runners have given the Frenchmen lessons, in their International matches. Last winter, the French and English met in a cross-country race. The eight Englishmen finished first, but several of the Frenchmen showed up very well. M. Maurice Dezaux, in speaking of this match, remarked: "We were hardly in their class, but we did the best we could. We learned several things from our English rivals and we mean to persevere in the sport. In time we shall make any team run hard to beat us." M. Dezaux's modest and sportsmanlike assertion may become true sooner than he expects, if the performances of the famous French distance-runner Champion are to be taken as an indication. For the past two years this remarkable runner has defeated the best men in England in the annual Marathon (40 kilometres, or 24 miles 1,606 yards) race held near Paris. This is a professional race, but the Frenchman has shown himself a grand stayer, covering the distance in 2 hours 30 minutes 10 seconds.

Last year's championships were the best ever held by the French association. The records were good, and the number of competitors was not only larger but the general standard of the work was higher than ever before. L. P. Sheldon, the old N. Y. A. C. and Yale athlete, competed, winning three events. Wood, who so cleverly won the half-mile at the N. Y. A. C. games last fall, was a double winner, carrying off the 800-metre and 1,500-metre events.

Judging from the records and the increasing interest in the sport, we see that great progress has been made and that still greater things are promised for the near future.

The coming Olympian games have aroused much interest throughout the athletic circles of France, and they should be of great benefit to the sport. The French athletic authorities are making great preparations for the coming year, and the games should be worthy of their beautiful city.

On arriving in Paris last summer, I was informed by M. Dezaux, the president of the Racing Club of France, that the games would come off late in April or May. On its being explained to him that this date would be practically prohibitive for the majority of American athletes who are college men, he promised to confer with the members of the committee on the matter. The result of this conference was that, in deference to the American athletes, the date was placed at the end of June or the second week in July, and later was fixed for the 15th, 17th, 19th, and 22d of July. This action shows the kindly feelings of the French athletes and authorities toward the Americans. The following events have been decided on by the French committee which has charge of the games:

1. Championships of the World—110-metre hurdle; 100-metre flat; 400-metre flat; 800-metre flat; 1,500-metre flat; 400-metre hurdle; 2,500-metre steeplechase. The prizes for the above will be objects of art worth 400 francs to the first, 200 francs to the second, and 50 francs to the third.

2. Handicaps in the above events, for which four prizes will be given.

3. Other track events, all scratch—4,000-metre steeplechase; 200-metre flat; 60-metre flat; 200-metre hurdle; 5,000-metre team race for nations, each team to have five runners. For the latter a team prize worth 1,000 francs will be given and five prizes to the first five finishing.

4. Field events—Championships in the high jump; long jump; pole vault; putting the shot; throwing the discus. Handicap contests in each of these events will also be given.

5. Throwing the hammer; three jumps, and tug-of-war.

These events will be interspersed over the four days, but the programme for the particular meetings has not yet been made. As the number of competitors will represent all the countries of the world, they will undoubtedly be very numerous and the French committee has done well in having four meetings. By this means there will be plenty of time for the different events, and the athletes will thus be able to enter every contest in which they have a chance of victory.

The above events include all the sports on the programme of athletic meets in all countries, and should therefore be satisfactory to every one. The national team race will be one of the best contests of the games, and will probably result in a duel between Britain and America.

The track upon which the games will be held is yet unknown, although it has narrowed down to a choice between two places—Courbevoie and the track of the Racing Club of France, in the Bois de Boulogne. Courbevoie has no track of any kind, and it is planned to build a cinder track there. It is very late now to do this, and the games may, after all, be held in the Bois de Boulogne. The grounds of the Racing Club are very pretty and the "grass" track not to be despised. Although of grass, it has easy corners; but the stretch, being slightly uphill, would militate against fast time. It is 500 metres in circumference.

America will be well represented, as the best of her athletes are going. The college athlete of America is such a superior kind of athlete that we are not surprised to find that he is to be the main representative of this country. The Boston A. C. and the Williamsport A. C. are the only athletic organizations that have signified their intention of sending athletes, while Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, Syracuse, Georgetown, Williams, and Chicago will send their best men. As these universities have in their ranks ninety per cent of the best athletic material in this country, we shall be most adequately represented there.

The English Association recently passed a resolution to send their champions to these games. Germany, Holland, Austria, Australia, India, Canada, and, in fact, every country in which athletics are practiced, will be represented by their best men.

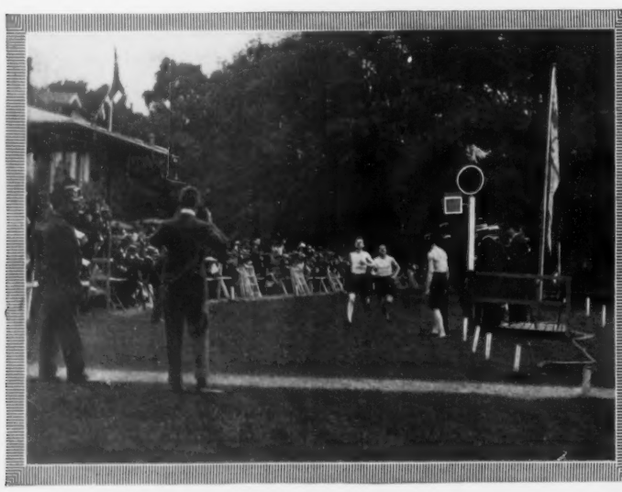
The prospects, therefore, for some interesting sport are of the best, and this meeting should be the most important ever held in the history of modern athletics. The committee of the Racing Club of France, as a representative club, extend a cordial invitation to all American athletes to come and participate in their sports, promising them a fair field and fair play in every particular. M. Lemonnier, secretary of this club, in a recent letter states: "For the coming summer the 'Union of the French Societies of Athletic Sports' and the Racing Club of France count absolutely on surpassing themselves and on giving to the strangers who will visit the Exposition athletic games perfectly organized and in which there will be sport of the first rank."

Our athletes will be there, and every one will wish them success, and that several world's championships will be brought back to their native land.

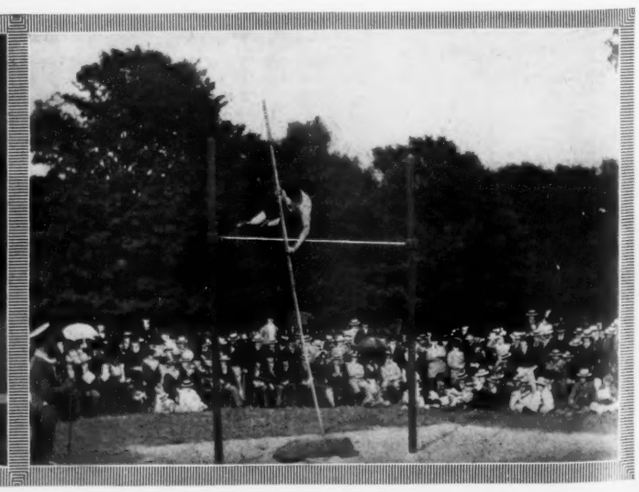
THE RACE FOR NATIONS AT THE ATHLETIC GAMES IN PARIS

THE ATHLETIC GAMES which are to be held in Paris next July will bring together all the best athletes of the world. America will be well represented, as several teams, including the strong University of Pennsylvania team, have made arrangements to go. One race which will be of especial interest to all lovers of athletics on this side of the Atlantic is the race for nations. This will be a team race, five athletes representing each country, the distance being 5,000 metres, which is 3 miles 243 yards. Thus, the men running this race must be distance-runners.

We should naturally expect England to carry off this event, as England is noted as being the home of distance men. But America will not give up without a struggle, and from present indications she will have a team there that should do her credit. Were we to run over the field of first-class distance men in this country, we would find it very small. The best known are Cregan of Princeton, A. Grant of Pennsylvania, D. Grant of Harvard, Wright of Brown, Bray of Williams, McGirr of the N. Y. A. C., Berry and Sweet of Cornell, and Orton, an ex-Pennsylvanian, also of the N. Y. A. C. The above nine men can be called first-class distance men, and all



ATHLETICS IN FRANCE—1,500-METRE RACE ON THE TRACK OF THE RACING CLUB OF FRANCE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE



ATHLETICS IN FRANCE—CHAMPIONSHIP POLE VAULT (SAUT A LA PERCHE) ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RACING CLUB OF FRANCE

run the three miles under 15 minutes.

The race is to take place in Paris, and, if all of these men will not be there, correspondence, I find that Cregan, the brothers, Bray and Orton have all made arrangements to cross the Atlantic. Curiously these five men are really the fastest distance. Exception might be taken in the favor of Wright, who has certainly won several fast races; but, in general, he cannot be depended upon, and, in any case, will hardly be found in Paris.

What are the abilities of the five men mentioned above?

Cregan is at present captain of the Princeton team. During the past four years he has proven himself a grand distance runner, winning the half and mile American championships and the half and mile Intercollegiate championships, of which he now holds the mile championship. He has done 1 minute 57 seconds for the half. His mile record is 4 minutes 23 3-5 seconds, but 1-5 second worse than the present record held by Orton.

A. Grant of Pennsylvania has won an enviable name for himself since entering that institution. He has steadily improved. Last season he did his best work. He won the 2 mile Intercollegiate championship, and on the same day carried off second in the half-mile race. During the summer, he won the 1-mile Metropolitan and American championships, and tied with his brother Dick for the 5-mile event.

Dick Grant, the Harvard runner, has not been so successful as his brother, but he has probably run close seconds in more fast races than any one on the track at the present time. He has done 2 minutes for the half-mile; 4 minutes 26 seconds for the mile; 9 minutes 46 seconds for the 2 miles, and 15 minutes 17 seconds for the 3 miles. At two miles he and Alec are as nearly matched as possible. Dick has plenty of endurance. Indeed, when in Canada he has often been known to run 25 or 50 miles.

Bray of Williams is not so well known as the others, but he has done some very creditable work. Last spring, he forced Cregan to the tape in the 1-mile Intercollegiate championship. During the summer he won some fast races and finished up his season by winning the Canadian championship. In New England, he is recognized as unbeatable at the half and mile, Wright of Brown alone disputing his authority.

Orton is, perhaps, the best known of the five, mainly because of the fact that he has been the longest before the public. He began running when very young, with immediate success, and thus is a veteran athlete, though not yet old. He has won American, Canadian, Intercollegiate, English and European championships. As a steeplechaser he has been unbeaten in America for seven years, and he won this event at the English championships in 1898, the only distance championship of England that has ever been won from them. Orton has held all the distance championships of America from 1 to 10 miles, winning the steeplechase seven times and the mile five times successively.

Thus, in the above team, America will have a strong quintet, and as each is noted for his gameness, they should put up a race that will be fast from start to finish. They should average close to 15 minutes. This is sure to beat any team but an English one, and it will assuredly keep them hustling to improve upon it. We hope that the Stars and Stripes will win the day.

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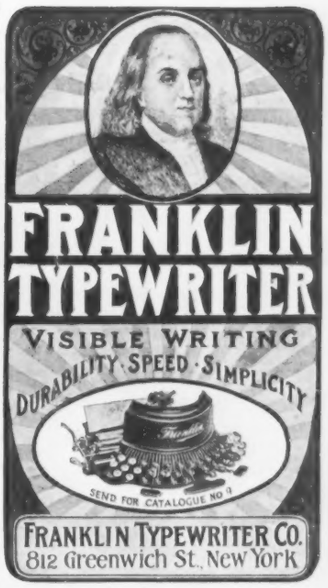

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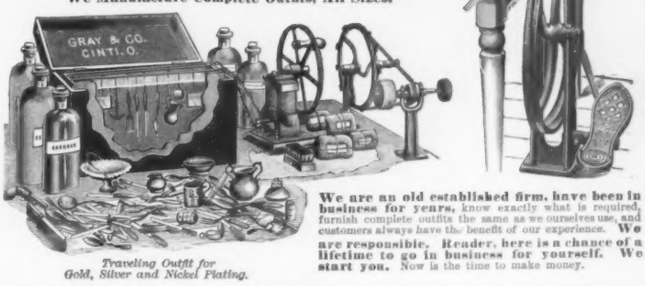

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